



THE LITERARY DIGEST



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TOPICS OF THE DAY



WHY PORTUGAL REVOLTS

A CARTOON published after the assassination of King Carlos in 1908 depicted a ragged peasant looking dubiously at the bier of his late monarch and muttering: "Well, the King is dead—but the poor are still poor." Last week the forces of political unrest again broke into open eruption, with the result that the monarchy was overthrown after terrific fighting in the streets of Lisbon, the reigning house of Braganza was driven into exile, and a republican form of government was proclaimed under the provisional presidency of Theophile Braga, Portugal's leading scholar and man of letters. The monarchy has been overthrown, but, as outside editorial observers of the situation are remarking, the economic conditions and problems which have been at the root of all of Portugal's political disturbances remain to confront the new leadership. Poverty knows no flag.

With a population of less than six millions Portugal has a debt of \$800,000,000, and the revenue for the last fiscal year, according to the *New York Herald*, fell nearly \$27,000,000 short of meeting expenditures. The allowance received by King Manuel from the people was \$365,000 a year. Portugal is an agricultural country about two-thirds the size of New York State. Nearly one-half of its area is said to be waste land, while the methods of farming in vogue are described as antiquated and wasteful.

Eighty per cent. of the population can neither read nor write. "The fight for political freedom in Portugal," says the *New York American*, "is the fight of the masses for a living." "When at last a people's subsistence is threatened, revolution can not long be avoided," remarks the *New York Times*.

For years, explains the *New York Tribune*, the kingdom was

misgoverned and plundered by political rings which succeeded one another in office and "pursued a consistent policy of doing as little for the good of the country and of stealing as much public money and running the nation as deeply into debt as it was possible for ingenious and pertinacious human rascality to do." Thus Manuel, on the death of his father and his elder brother, succeeded to a troubled sovereignty. Ever since that tragedy the situation has been one of intense unrest and national ferment.

As the dispatches remind us, rumors of the overthrow of the Portuguese monarchy have been current for a long time. Since Manuel became king, half-a-dozen cabinets have vainly tried their hands at running the Government. Jealousy between various political factions has increased the confusion. It seems that Manuel's worries were not due entirely to the Republicans, who object theoretically to the monarchical form of government. Says the *New York Sun*:

"The Clerical party, which has most to fear from a general uprising, has been greatly irritated by his observing the forms of the Constitution. The Conservatives and great property-holders have been annoyed by his readiness to listen to Liberal counsels. It is from this side that the most recent threats against the reigning house have been made.

"A general uprising by a nation weary and sick of misgovernment by the politicians that control it might be something to be wished for in Portugal, and in Spain as well. There has been no indication in late years in either country that there are men who could lead such that the people would follow them

a movement, and still less if the leaders were found."

The same paper confesses itself puzzled by the unpopularity of the Braganzas:

"The reigning family is not liked, tho the cause of its unpopularity is not very clear; the late King was not tyrannical, tho



MANUEL, OF BRAGANZA.

"IN SLEEP A KING, BUT WAKING, NO SUCH MATTER."

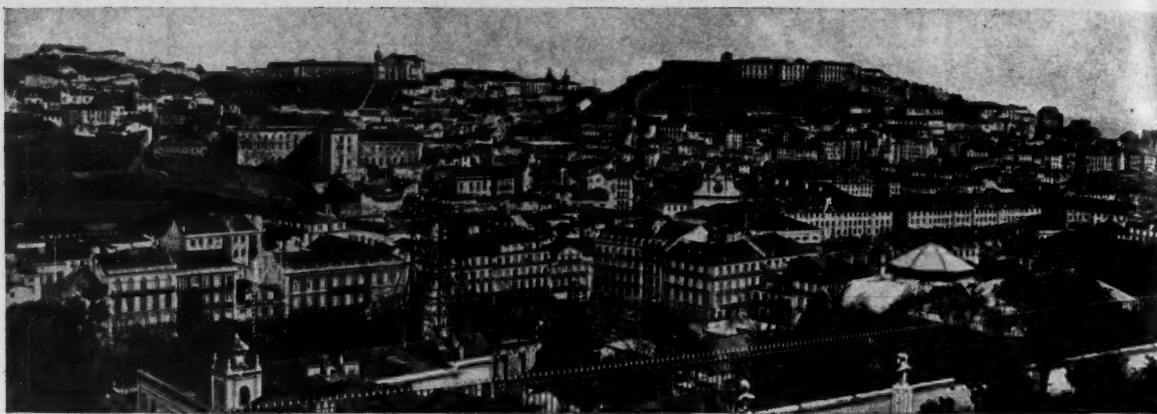
Awakened on the morning of October 4th by the guns of his warships bombarding his palace.

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WHERE A NEW FLAG FLOATS.

The city of Lisbon, showing the royal palace on the hill which was bombarded by revolutionary warships on October 4.

he was very extravagant; Queen Amélie has shown courage and devotion to the public good, but has failed to win the affection of the people, and King Manuel himself, if he has not as yet manifested any distinctive qualities, has at any rate tried to do his duty as a constitutional monarch. The faults of the Braganzas are slight when compared with those of other sovereigns. They have been generally of omission, and Portugal's position is such that the country might easily put up with a King Log.

"The recent elections showed that, except in large cities, the Republicans have no strong hold on Portugal."

King Manuel, who is not quite twenty-one, is regarded by *The Wall Street Journal* as the victim of circumstances:

"He inherited a condition which even the strongest ruler might have found hopeless. Of the two principal parties in Portugal each was more corrupt than the other, according as to whether it happened to be in office or not. There was, in fact, an understanding of rotation which utterly defeated any attempt at reform. One set of corruptionists succeeded another with a combination so powerful that good judges of the European situation have wondered whether it was not the attempt of King Carlos and his disinterested ministry to upset this machine which brought about the murder of that King and his eldest son. It is sometimes highly convenient to have anarchists to blame.

"Portugal would hardly be worse off in many ways. The administration is inefficient and to the last degree wasteful. There is probably hardly a servant of the state in Portugal or in its forlorn little colonies in Africa and Asia whose salary is not in arrears. It used to be said that positions like inspector of customs were hereditary, so that the public official could eke out a living collecting the arrears of his grandfather's salary. Naturally we can view with equanimity the introduction of a real popular government, even at the cost of financial disturbance and loss of life. It is of the essence of such government that a people shall make their own mistakes and learn by them."

The *Springfield Republican* affirms that "the fundamental cause of the revolution is undoubtedly economic," and goes on to say:

"Business under Manuel was not brightening; emigration continued to be heavy; no European royal family wanted to invest in a Portuguese king. . . . The population, in 1900, was about 5,500,000, with a considerable excess of women and girls owing to the heavy emigration of young men to North and South America. . . . There are no coal deposits of consequence in the country. Manufacturing is poorly developed. The chief exports are wines, including Madeira, cork, and fruits—wines being by far the main article of foreign trade. The truth is that Portugal has never recovered from the loss of her colonial empire, which was so vast at one time—embracing Brazil in South America and large possessions in South Africa and the East Indies. Home development has been exceedingly backward and the present change to a republican form of government reflects the effort of the really progressive element to cut away entirely from the past and its stagnation in the hope of opening up a new era of progress and prosperity."

But the incident which served as the spark to fire the magazine, changing wide-spread discontent and rumors of plots into actual revolution, seems to have been the murder of Professor Bombarda, a prominent Republican deputy. Says the Lisbon correspondent of the *London Chronicle*:

"The assassin was a lieutenant of the General Staff named Santos, who is an ardent royalist. He had been an inmate of an asylum, from which he was discharged recently contrary to the advice and wishes of Professor Bombarda. Santos left Lisbon when he was released and went to Paris. He returned on Monday and immediately sought Professor Bombarda at the asylum. A heated altercation between the two men culminated in Santos drawing a revolver and fatally wounding Bombarda.

"By people of cool intellect and calm judgment the murder has been regarded as the act of a demented man, but to the extreme revolutionists it seemed a political crime. They used it to incite the people of Lisbon against the monarch. The Republican newspaper *Seculo* issued on Monday evening an inflammatory placard, which was widely circulated, stigmatizing the murder as a political assassination and calling on the people to rise and put an end to the monarchical régime which permitted such foul deeds.

"Groups of excited workmen gathered around the placards and began to shout 'Down with the monarchy!' The cry was rapidly taken up and repeated. . . .

"This was the beginning of riot. When the police tried to restore order they were attacked by Republicans, who were armed with revolvers. Many shots were fired and some of the police were wounded. The rioters eventually were dispersed in this part of the city, but afterward they went in a body to the barracks in the Rua Castello.

"Here was quartered the First Battery of Artillery. They were known to be ardent partisans of the Republican party. In response to the clamorous demands of the populace the disaffected artillery men mutinied. They made the only two officers who were in the barracks prisoners and signaled their act of rebellion by trampling on the royalist flag, which was afterward torn to pieces by the mob."

As some of the troops in the city remained loyal, battle raged in the streets for many hours, and much blood was spilled, before the capital was in undisputed possession of the revolutionists, with the new red and green flag of the Republicans flying above the palace.

Whatever may be the outcome of the Portuguese revolution, remarks the *New York Journal of Commerce*, "it is manifestly another notice to the world of the fatal weakening of the monarchical principle." The same paper goes on to say:

"The throne is tottering in Spain, and it does not rest on a very secure basis in Italy. Should a republic be successfully established in Portugal it is hardly possible that its advent in Spain can be long delayed. Given the existence of two, possibly federated, republican states in the Iberian Peninsula, the effect in Italy could not fail to be profound, and thus a process would be begun which, in the life of the present generation,

might change the whole face of Europe. The change may come with violence and bloodshed; but it is, on the whole, more probable that the forces arrayed on its side will be powerful enough to render armed opposition futile."

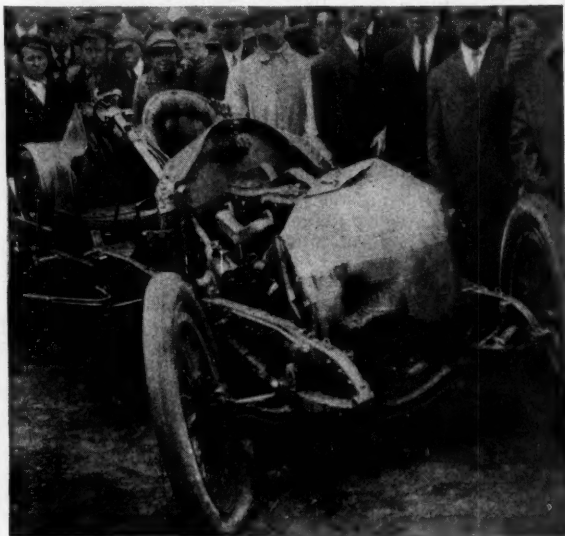
DEATH IN THE VANDERBILT CUP

ON THE afternoon of Saturday, October 1, some fifteen wrecked and abandoned automobiles might have been seen beside the Long Island roads within four miles of Garden City, the supply of bandages had run short in the Mineola and the Belmont Memorial hospitals, and the newspapers were printing the names of four men who had been killed and over a score of men and women who had been seriously injured that morning at the "bloodiest motor-car speed-event ever run in this country." If this is what the Vanderbilt Cup Race means, declares the *New York American*, the Vanderbilt Cup Race must go, and if this is what motor road-racing means, such racing "will certainly have to be given up." The same protest is voiced by *The Evening Post*, *The Evening Mail*, *The Times*, *The Tribune*, and other metropolitan dailies, and in deference to public opinion the Grand Prize race scheduled to be run over the Vanderbilt Cup course on October 15 has been called off by its promoters. The press are now seriously asking whether such sport "is worth the candle," and the *Chicago Record-Herald* speaks for many of its contemporaries in replying emphatically that it is not, for "what is there in the gain of a minute to excuse the appalling waste of life?"

Joseph Dawson lost the race to Grant by 28 seconds, entirely through a three-minute stop which he made after running down a man whom he thought he had killed, declares his manager. Dawson himself is reported in the *New York Times* as describing conditions on the course in the following manner:

"The road was full of holes and ruts. It was extremely narrow, and most of the way the crowd was so thick that it was impossible to see more than 200 feet ahead. When I had to stop, the people crushed around me to such an extent that the only way I could get out of the car was by climbing over the back.

"As the race went on, the throng got thicker and thicker. At the beginning I could turn the corners at a rate of 30 miles an hour, but later it was impossible to go around safely at more than 15 miles an hour. As far as I could make out, the only



A SACRIFICE TO SPEED.

This Columbia racer, after a tire blew up, tore through the railings of a bridge, snapping off each steel post like a reed, then hurdled a fence, and, turning turtle, crushed out the life of the mechanic, M. R. Bacon, and seriously injured the driver, Harold Stone.



A CAR THAT MIGHT HAVE WON.

This Buick car, whose wreckage is entangled with that of the fence, had made an average of over 67 miles when in the 15th lap it became unmanageable, tore through the fence, and sideswiped a touring-car, tossing its five occupants high in the air. Louis Chevrolet, the driver of the racer, was badly hurt, and his mechanic, Charles Miller, was instantly killed.

guards were at the turns, with one or two scattered between them, and they cared for nothing but waving to us to keep right on. They made no attempt to keep the tracks clear for us."

The *New York World* having expressed its belief that "every person concerned in promoting or permitting the bloodshed could be morally indicted for manslaughter committed 'involuntarily as the result of criminal carelessness,'" *The Tribune* suggests in a friendly way that "the argument of this indignant condemnation would apply with equal accuracy and force" to the New York-St. Louis prize aeroplane flight arranged by *The World*. To this *The World* retorts that "neither in the risks involved nor in the objects to be attained are the contests in any way similar," and goes on to explain:

"There is no more 'practical certainty' that an aviator will be killed in the St. Louis flight than there was that Curtiss and Hamilton would be injured in their Albany and Philadelphia flights. Any sustained test of the aeroplane helps the progress of aviation. But what legitimate end is served by the Cup races? They are automobile hippodromes merely, in which a mechanical invention is misused for the display of daredevil endurance at a fearful cost of human life. They contribute no more to the improvement of the automobile or the development of its manufacture than train wrecks contribute to the improvement of locomotives.

"Only a habit of thought biased by half a century's effort to adapt high-tariff arguments to the logic of facts could confuse a contest directly in the interest of scientific advancement with one in which lives are deliberately risked to amuse a crowd."

It is very largely because of the perilous nature of this contest that 100,000 people were on hand at daybreak to see it, declare several of the papers, and, adds the *Springfield Republican*, the crowds are sure to increase, "in view of the reputation this unspeakably interesting event is gaining as the premier thriller of the century." The reasons for the large list of fatalities and injuries at this year's Vanderbilt Cup Race are thus summed up by the *Boston Transcript*:

"The course was inadequately guarded. Enough people were hired to do the work, but that they did not do their duty is apparent from the way people rushed across the course at some places. . . . With more than two-score cars racing on a circuit of 12½ miles, and some of them racing with utter abandon as to their own safety, there should have been barriers the whole length of the course, as there was along the motor parkway proper. And instead of sleepy deputy sheriffs appointed by the

sheriff of the county, with an election a few weeks ahead, there should have been a wide-awake guard keen to its responsibility.

"Another count in the indictment against the management is that the course was not in the condition it should have been; the back stretch composed of country road had been only superficially repaired, and after the cars had been tearing over it at 80 or 90 miles an hour for a short time, the material that had been put on the surface was torn off and great holes were dug. These wrenched the machines and strained the drivers and made every trip around a chapter of accidents. . . .

"Starting the race at daylight is an appeal to barbarian instincts, and barbarian instincts mixt with firewater always spell catastrophe. To reach the course before daylight motor-carparties by the thousands left New York City after midnight. Before midnight some of them spent their time in hotels and restaurants, and were not fit to pilot a motor-car or anything else. But they went out on the road, and, there being no attempt on the part of the authorities to curb their speed, they drove like fiends, endangering themselves and all other persons on the road. Some of them brought up against telegraph poles and trees and their names were added to the list of killed and



PRESENTING THE CUP.

—Macaulay in the New York World.

injured. Motorists who attempted to drive from New York to the race-course in a sane manner were sickened by the actions of other drivers and were amazed at the number of wrecked machines they saw along the road.

"All sorts of stories of motoring parties wrecked and people killed were brought to the grandstand two hours before the race started, and should have warned the officials not to start the race until they were certain that the course was reasonably safe. But the drivers were sent away, not primarily to win glory by their own achievements, but to supply advertising for the manufacturers of their cars. It was not a sporting event, but a business proposition, and the drivers had less thought about their own renown than of the publicity that would accrue to their car from a victory. The officials had an eye more to the business interests involved than to common safety. Had a sporting spirit ruled, the race would have been stopt when it was clear that its continuance was a tremendous menace; instead it was carried through to the bitter end, altho the chronicle of passing events became a list of dead and injured, rather than of scores made by the competitors."

The following press dispatch from Des Moines also seems to have a place here:

"DES MOINES, IA., October 6.—The first racing event of the Iowa Automobile Association terminated this afternoon with a tragedy when S. C. Meredith had his head crushed almost flat in a collision with a machine driven by John Wallace.

"Half-a-dozen cars were going at a terrific rate in the closing event of the day. Meredith sought to pass John Wallace, when the cars crashed into each other. A car driven by Thomas

Smith, coming directly behind, struck the other two and bounded clear over the fair-ground fence which was close by.

"The accident was witnessed by 10,000 people. Wallace and Smith are both in critical condition."

WHAT THE CENSUS SHOWED MISSOURI

A LONG with withering words of scorn, gentle murmurs of pity, and bits of sage counsel, there have been coming from the editors beyond her borders many magnanimous offers to explain to "Poor Old Missouri" just why her population has remained practically stationary during the last decade. The census figures give her 3,293,335 inhabitants, only 186,670 more than there were ten years ago, a gain of but 6 per cent. Since St. Louis and Kansas City together show a gain of 196,240, it is obvious that the State outside of those two great cities has lost nearly 10,000 of its people. Now why should anything like this happen in the growing, booming West, in "a great agricultural State in the midst of the very richest agricultural section of our country?" asks a puzzled Nebraska paper. Its answer is "Oklahoma." Here the New York *Tribune* concurs. The Missouri farmers have "been drafted to States further West where opportunities seem to be greater," or else they have gone to the cities. Not only is the Missouri census report significant of the enormous recent growth of urban population in this country, but it also indicates, declares *The Tribune*, "that the Middle West has passed the period of unchecked agricultural development, and will get its second growth only when it begins to supplement agriculture with manufacturing."

In Missouri, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is also aware that the secret of the great increase of population in those communities which have made such increases is the extension of manufacturing. Missouri must "profit by their example." The St. Joseph *News-Press*, published in a county which suffered a loss of 28,818, admits that these rural losses are very disappointing, "but the conditions that have caused them are not local to Missouri; Iowa is known to have felt the same drain, and when the census figures are made public for the other States, doubtless many more will be found to have suffered in the same way." The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, too, prefers to defer comment "until returns from other States provide a basis for comparison."

The Omaha *World-Herald* believes that the result of the census puts Missouri in an "anxious attitude with reference to the apportionment of Representatives in Congress":

"It was not supposed that any Western State would have occasion to be solicitous on this account, but the danger of losing a Congressman is imminent. If the basis of representation is increased, according to the present supposition, in order to keep the membership of the House from being too large, Missouri is likely to lose one Representative and as a twin misfortune one vote in the Electoral College."

In Ohio, a State which is now confident of retaining its rank as fourth in population, at least so far as Missouri is concerned, the Cleveland *Leader* (Rep.) takes this opportunity to upbraid the distanced rival:

"Missouri has come nearly to a standstill because the State has been too erratic and too vicious in politics and government. It is impossible for a commonwealth to prosper if it waves yellow flags in the face of capital, intelligent ambition, and business capacity. It can't draw in or keep the kind of population that makes progress and good times if it harbors pestilences in the domain of government and then turns to political quacks to cure its ills.

"A State which keeps 'Gumshoe Bill' Stone in the United States Senate half his lifetime advertises itself as hopelessly out of harmony with the times. A State which idolizes a clever buffoon like Champ Clark, who says that he will drive a team of Missouri mules down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol,

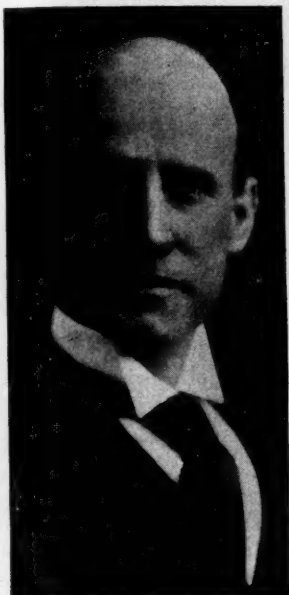
if he is elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, does not understand the twentieth century.

"This is not partizanship. It is cold business sense. In some parts of the country there is nothing reckless or revolutionary about the Democratic party. In Missouri it is so tinged with Populistic ideas that it is a menace to all legitimate interests and enterprises. The natural result is shown in the census returns from a State which ought to be one of the most prosperous and progressive in the country."

ADVANCE OF THE INSURGENTS

THE ONLY victory won by the Republican insurgents in the last Congress, jeers a Democratic campaign speaker, consisted in "the fierce retaliation of shutting off gasoline from the automobile purchased for the Speaker." Whatever dispute there may be about what they accomplished last spring, however, there seems to be evidence

that they have been doing something this fall. As the Washington correspondent of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (Ind. Rep.) remarks, the progressive or insurgent advance has brought about "the defeat or voluntary retirement of twenty-two Republican members of the House who were conspicuous as regulars and standpaters, the defeat of one Republican regular United States Senator, the voluntary retirement of six others, the nomination of progressive candidates for Governor in two Republican States, and the elimination of Joseph G. Cannon as a serious candidate for reelection as Speaker." In five States where they were put to real tests of strength—Kansas, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, California, and Washington—they have won overwhelming victories. "Such,"



MILES POINDEXTER,

The insurgent whose nomination for United States Senator from Washington is considered "a really blistering condemnation of Ballinger in the Secretary's own State."

the same correspondent goes on to say, "is the impressive record of accomplishment of the progressive movement in the field of practical politics." And he further reminds us that "in the legislative arena the progressives, at the recent session of Congress, overturned the Cannon oligarchy in the House; ended the Speaker's domination of the Committee on Rules, brought about the creation of a tariff commission or board, and exercised a potent influence in the shaping of the Railroad and Postal Savings-Bank Bills."

Moreover, after being for a time practically ignored by the National Republican Congressional Committee, they are now promised as much aid and comfort as is extended to the regulars. After a recent meeting of that committee in Chicago its chairman, Congressman William B. McKinley, issued the following statement:

"The members of the committee attending the conference authorized me, as chairman, to say to the press that the statements that have been made in the newspapers and otherwise to the effect that the National Republican Congressional Committee would not render assistance to candidates classed as insurgents is not only an unjust reflection upon the political integrity of the committee, but is absolutely and unqualifiedly untrue."

While insurgency is variously defined by its friends and enemies, there seems to be a general agreement among the insurgents themselves that the purpose of their movement is to wrest the control of politics from the special interests and give it back to the people. Victor Murdock, one of the insurgent leaders, lays special stress on the need of taking from the Speaker the appointment of committees. Other leaders of the movement lay chief stress on the deceptions which they believe were practised upon the public in the framing of the Payne Tariff Law. The *San Francisco Call* (Rep.) comments upon the "startling and almost sensational successes" of this movement throughout the country, and declares that its object is "a new Republican party, regenerated and redeemed."

As far as we may judge by the results of primaries and conventions, "the progressives have wrested the control of the party machinery from the standpaters," remarks the *New York Financial World* (Fin.). But it remains to be seen, add other observers, whether they can carry the elections in November as well.

The *Wall Street Journal* (Fin.) declares that "a few years hence we shall find ourselves wondering why the attitude of the progressive section of the Republican party excited such intense bitterness." Its aim, we are reminded by this Wall Street paper, is "to take the hand of privilege out of the public pocket," and in this sense "our whole national life is insurgent." A little while ago much of the bitterness referred to found expression in the utterances of Republican leaders and in the columns of the more "regular" Republican press. But now, since the insurgents have been officially invited to return to the fold, we have to turn more and more to the Democratic papers to find vigorous criticism of their position. Thus the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* (Dem.) records the fact that "the Wisconsin Republican Convention adopted a platform more radical than anything that has been given out by either of the two great parties in a generation," and goes on to remark:

"This is only one more indication that the Democratic party is to be the conservative force in the next campaign. And it is to be conservative not because it has marched to the rear, but because Republicans are passing it along the road leading to radicalism. Half-baked statesmen of the Republican party have appropriated the Bryan propaganda without understanding it, and are relettering it in red."

Another interesting phase of the situation is indicated by an anonymous Republican politician in Washington who is quoted by a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* as saying:

"I think that many of the sweeping insurgent victories in the West have been partly encompassed by Democrats, who voted at the Republican primaries. These same Democrats, having disrupted the Republican party, by defeating 'standpat' members of the present Congress for their renomination, will be found at the polls in November voting to a man for the Democratic candidate."

On the other hand, a Beverly dispatch to the *New York*



SYDNEY ANDERSON.

He attributes his defeat of Congressman Tawney in the Minnesota primaries to "the result of an educational campaign against Cannonism."



THE DESERTED SHRINE.

Minor in the St. Louis Post Dispatch.

American (Ind.) represents the President as now confident of Republican victory in November in the strongly insurgent States of the Middle West, but uneasy about the result in the Eastern States where "discontent exists, but without organized leadership in the Republican ranks." According to this dispatch President Taft "expects the insurgents to hold the West and give a small Republican majority in the House." In a speech before the National Republican League in New York—the last, it is said, which he will deliver until after the elections—he claims that the Republican party as a whole is a truly "progressive" party, as evidenced by its legislative record.

WHY BUSINESS WAITS

THE NEWSPAPER authorities who daily enlighten the man in the street about the true inwardness of things financial are just now trying to decide whether the business outlook is surprisingly favorable or unwarrantably dark. In a recent speech President Taft said: "It gives me the greatest satisfaction to say that in spite of all the rumors of possible business stagnation, our basic prosperity is assured for the coming year." Many papers profess to share the Presidential satisfaction altho they admit, with *The Financial World* (New York), that "Wall Street has a bad case of nerves." While speculation may be at a low ebb, "which is a good thing for the country," legitimate business, according to the New York *Herald's* optimistic viewpoint, is expanding in all directions, and the banking and credit situation is steadily improving. Another Eastern daily notes as a favorable symptom that "railroad gross earnings all over the country as a rule continue exasperatingly large for those who are anxious to impress the rate inquiry of the Government with a good calamity showing." In all the bewildering results of primaries and early elections, *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* (New York) sees no phenomenon of the day so noteworthy as "the calmness with which the investment markets have received each successive announcement of the sort."

Yet this calm appears to other editors in the shape of a deadly lethargy, denoting something radically wrong in the industrial world. One deplores lengthily the "moderate depression in industry and the deep depression in business sentiment," and another calls attention to the general halt in lines of trade

usually active at this season. Despite circumstantial denials from Chairman Gary and several trade journals, there seems to be a willingness to believe rumors of an impending drop in steel prices, due to the slackness of the market.

In an attempt to explain the secret of the "lifeless stock market," the New York *Evening Post* suggests that the market, having already reflected much on the situation, "is now halting, irresolute, between the good and the bad in the immediate prospects."

The *Evening Post* then proceeds to set forth the imposing array of "arguments" between which the Stock Exchange is vainly trying to make its final choice:

"What are these good and bad considerations? Among the bad these will be classed: The unstable markets for commodities, with the uncertainty which they cause. The abnormal excess of imports in our foreign trade. The poor earnings and high expenses of some industrial concerns, such as the Hide and Leather Company, which lately showed 80-per-cent. shrinkage in profits during the fiscal year. The country's decreasing bank clearings, which for August were 15 per cent. less than in 1909, and also fell below 1907 and 1906. The unusually heavy outflow of currency from New York to the West, causing a loss in surplus reserves, during the first three weeks in September, of \$28,000,000, against only \$11,000,000 in the same weeks of 1909 and 1908. The political chaos, with the chance of unsettling results in the November general elections. And last of all, the stock market itself.

"This is a formidable list. But it has its offsets, which may be thus summed up: The prospect that decline in commodity prices will correct our foreign trade anomalies and (as in February, 1909) get home consumers and producers into touch again. The fact that industrial companies have thus far passed through the season with none of the disasters which beset them in July, August, and September of 1903. The increase of 10 to 15 per cent. in last month's bank clearings in the West and South—the East being the sole cause of its general decrease from 1909. The large New York bank surplus. . . . The possibility that a Democratic sweep in November will mean simply a divided Congress and a deliberate legislation. And, finally, a distinct revival in the bond market, with signs that investors are really interested."

Dun's Review thinks that "with crops aggregating large in quantity and value, in spite of the reduced yield of spring wheat; with politics becoming so intense and uncertain as to make enterprise timid, and with the railroads and shippers engaged in a dispute over rates," business men must reconcile themselves to "a waiting situation with little to encourage speculative enterprise." For this state of affairs the Springfield *Republican* finds "revolutionary politics" and Mr. Roosevelt chiefly responsible, and it explains just what the market is "waiting for" in these words:

"If the trust decisions and the railroad-rate controversy were settled, we should be apt to see a revival of speculative activity before the elections, and it may be seen any way, but the prevalent belief is that a revival of any proportions will wait after the elections upon the disposition of these important matters. There are to be considered, however, the influences

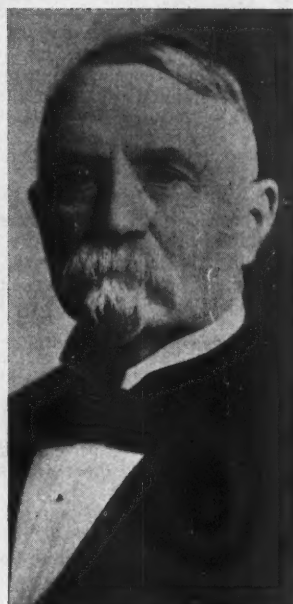


EDITORIAL DIVERSION OF THE CONTRIBUTING EDITOR.

—Westerman in *The Ohio State Journal*.



THE RUIN OF THE "TIMES CASTLE" IN LOS ANGELES



GEN. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, THE OWNER.

The work of physical rehabilitation, says General Otis, "will be continued until the establishment is once more complete, full-fledged, and panoplied for the war which we are determined to prosecute so long as life lasts in defense of the great principles for which the Los Angeles Times and its responsible owners stand, and will continue to stand."

THE WRECKED OFFICE AND ITS OWNER.

which a great political overturn may have in preventing a radical and disturbing disposition of trust and railroad questions."

The stanchly Republican *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis, is decidedly unwilling to believe that business interests could remain cheerful in the face of so fearful a catastrophe as a National Democratic victory. The advance on the stock exchange following the Maine election "was a hysterical spurt which quickly spent its force, and prices are lower now than they were then." The present low state of the market, which "is expected to go lower," is attributed by this journal to "fear of a Democratic victory." This "is diminishing the demand for steel as it is for many other commodities, and thus the decline in the price of the stock is easily explained."

The New York *Journal of Commerce*, differing from *The Iron Age* (New York) and *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland), does not believe that the present condition of the steel business is by any means "satisfactory." We read:

"That invincible optimist, Judge Gary, chairman of the directors of the United States Steel Corporation, says in a statement given to the public that 'on the whole the steel business should be considered satisfactory'; and he sees 'no reason to expect any change in this respect.' He says there is no justification for the Pittsburgh report that a 'wide open cut in prices of steel is likely to occur,' and only admits that the new business offered at present is 'less than the total producing capacity,' and that there has been 'a shading of prices of some commodities by a few of the smaller producers.'

"But the general market reports, which there seems to be no reason for questioning, plainly indicate a reduced production in the last few months of about 30 per cent., due to a shrinkage in business, and even at the beginning of the process the output was 'less than the total producing capacity.' The 'shading of prices' amounts to quite a substantial reduction for nearly all products of iron and steel and has been participated in by some of the principal subsidiaries of the Corporation. This is a matter of almost daily record."

Recent Pittsburgh correspondence of the Boston *Transcript* reports "a much more normal tone" in the iron and steel trade, with the September bookings reaching a considerably larger total than in August. However,

"the increase in buying did not equal the capacity to which the mills are operating, so that the next report of the unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation will probably show another decrease, altho smaller than was the case a month ago."

LABOR'S PART IN THE LOS ANGELES OUTRAGE

WHETHER General Otis blew up his own newspaper office, or whether it was done by his laborite enemies, seems to be the disputed point in the Los Angeles affair. Some agency, at any rate, wrecked the office of the Los Angeles Times on the morning of October 1, killing a score of men and injuring as many more. During the same day bombs were found under the houses of General Otis and the secretary of the Merchants' Association. It is Mr. Crowley, of Cincinnati, the secretary and treasurer of the International Printing and Pressmen Assistants' Union, who ventures the theory that General Otis blew up his own office to cast odium on the labor-unions. President Lynch, of the International Typographical Union, however, doesn't go as far as this. His idea is that the explosion was not caused by dynamite at all, but "by faulty gas mains," and was "due entirely to the unsanitary condition of *The Times* plant." As *The Times*, General Otis, and the Merchants' Association have for years waged a bitter fight against the labor-unions, the charge that unionism was behind all three outrages was not slow in making itself heard. To quote Mr. Lynch again:

"The Los Angeles Times has for many years been a bitter, unrelenting, and unreasoning enemy of trade-unionism and it is characteristic of *The Times* management that immediately after the explosion which wrecked its plant and without awaiting any investigation as to the cause of the catastrophe it should charge the disaster to the trade-unions as was done by *The Times*' assistant general manager. The Typographical Union resents and refutes this charge. We have defended ourselves against the attacks made by *The Times* as best we could, but we have always fought fair.

"The International Typographical Union is not a law-breaking,

dynamiting institution; its record of more than sixty years' existence is an honorable one and entirely free from resort to violence of any kind. It has won its cause and reached its present position of strength and influence solely through the justice of its contentions and the lawful and orderly manner in which its aims have been prosecuted and made effective."

Says Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor:

"The position of *The Times* toward union labor is well known, but nothing has happened recently to make the feeling of union men against the paper more acute. I regret the loss of life and destruction of property, but I see no reason for thinking union members had anything to do with it."

In its news columns the morning after the explosion General Otis's paper says:

"The union has struck. The great *coup* consists of broken hearts of innocent workers. That is all. The rest is as nothing. Nothing has been accomplished except to give the world one more example of the insane murderous folly of the rabid labor-unions.

"The unions are already appalled at the storm raised by their own awful crime.

"Passionate denials of guilt from all the 'big' union leaders of America are being clicked in over the telegraph.

"'Twas gas,' they shriek from all points of the compass.

"'Faulty gas mains,' snarls Jim Lynch, of the Typographical Union, now in Indianapolis.

"'Not our fault,' says Sam Gompers, nervously, in St. Louis.

"'Absurd,' says Andrew J. Gallagher in San Francisco.

"A reward of \$7,500 for the arrest of the perpetrator,' says Olaf Tvietmoe, of San Francisco."

And in its editorial columns it goes on to comment as follows:

"*The Times* is not destroyed, nor will its publication be seriously hindered.

"The devils in human form, who murdered and maimed the men employed in its news and mechanical departments, will not escape. Ropes are dangling for them and prison doors are yawning for them. The eyes of a sleepless vigilance are upon each and all of them. With all their cunning, traces of their work are picked up every hour. There is no quarter of the earth to which they can flee, where they will not be followed and from which they will not be returned.

"Tho the dynamiters escape human justice, yet the righteous wrath of God will overtake them. When they drink the blood of their victims will be in their cup. When they would sleep the shrieks of the murdered ones will be in their ears."

The most plausible explanation, remarks the *San Francisco Post*, seems to be that the dynamiting was the work of misguided fanatics, and not of anybody bearing a responsible relation to organized labor. This view seems to be shared by the press generally. Says the *Washington Star*:

"The Los Angeles outrages—for all three cases must be considered together, the destruction of *The Times* building and the attempts upon the two dwellings—were possibly committed by men inspired by a fanatical zeal for what they conceived to be a just cause, carried off their balance by long brooding over either personal misfortunes or the failure of their organizations to win in the fight for recognition. If this is the case it is even more to the interest of the organizations themselves to find these miscreants and secure their punishment than it is for that of the community and the publishing company which has suffered this heavy loss."

And the *Boston Transcript* remarks in similar vein:

"The labor-unions are pursuing the proper course in assisting to trace this wholesale crime to its source. They can not afford to rest under the imputation or suspicion for which in the minds of many this shocking incident seems to furnish ground. They can not leave their future under the shadow of a great public crime and calamity. They must not permit to remain an impression that they are enemies of society and sharers in dastardly and deadly methods of adjusting grievances. The trouble in such cases is that there are stormy petrels of labor disturbances who make them the occasions for exploiting insane ideas and overworked passions. Among the arrests that have been made is that of a supposed anarchist. The anarchists care little or nothing for the interests of labor. They do not labor themselves and have little sympathy with those who do, but are willing to sacrifice them for their own insane purposes. Dynamite is their favorite means of attaining their ends. The Los Angeles affair was not so public as the Haymarket riots in Chicago, but it has similar earmarks."

Turning to the *New York Commercial*, however, we read:

"It is in no sense unfair to organized labor to assume that the printing trades-unions or individual members of them in Los Angeles were directly responsible for the blowing-up of *The Times* building and plant with dynamite, the murder of nineteen of its employees, and the serious injury of twenty-five more—because these unions and their allies have for years been threatening to destroy this non-union outfit and, if possible, the publication itself so as to weaken the forces that are fighting union policies and practises.

"California is union-labor-ridden and ought to rid herself of the curse. A few hangings for union-labor crimes will alone restore normal industrial conditions out there."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

In Mr. Roosevelt's speeches the "I's" have it.—*Wall Street Journal*.

It's our theory that Maine went Democratic as an advertisement.—*Toledo Blade*.

The more interest a man takes in his business the more he is likely to take out.—*Wall Street Journal*.

"I HAVEN'T a word to retract," says Mr. Roosevelt. Not at a dollar a word, anyhow.—*Washington Herald*.

OUTSIDE of Kansas City and St. Louis, Missouri lost population in the last decade. She evidently needs more folk.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

A METROPOLITAN newspaper devoted two pages yesterday to describing New York's police force when one word would do it.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

SPEAKER CANNON asks that Republicans stand up and be counted. Possibly he entertains doubt as to there being a quorum present.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

NEW YORK may have the greater number of inhabitants, but how does it stack up against Chicago in culture now that it takes second place in baseball and postal receipts?—*Chicago News*.

ROOSEVELT is gratified to have Taft's support and Taft is gratified that Roosevelt asked for it. Therefore the two are hopelessly estranged.—*Indianapolis Star*.

In spite of certain captious criticisms of his work with the stick, the Colonel still leads the Republican league in the matter of batting averages.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

THE winning candidate in New Hampshire is Bass and in Pennsylvania TENER. Some day, if the suffragettes get their way, the sopranos and contraltos will have a show.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

BRYAN couldn't even lead the mule to water.—*Bedes' Budget (Duluth)*.

T. ROOSEVELT has a wonderful faculty for choosing the right enemies.—*Chicago News*.

In the political conventions the keynotes are sounded on wind instruments.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

THE city of Wilkes-Barre wants to get a copyright on its name. Seems an unnecessary precaution.—*New York American*.

It may be because Woodrow Wilson has gone into politics that Yale has raised the salaries of its professors.—*Washington Herald*.

OUTDOOR schools now being the rage, the Old Guard probably won't mind doing a little studying on the outside.—*New York American*.

A GUN is invented that will bring down airships. Up to date the aviators have been able to come down without the aid of a gun.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

DEPARTMENT of the Interior says there are still many wealthy Indians in the country. How careless in the attorneys to overlook them.—*Wall Street Journal*.

JOSEPH G. CANNON spoke for almost an hour. The convention adopted a progressive platform.—*From the New York Sun's report of the Illinois Republican Convention*.

THE Federated Labor party in adopting the emblem of Atlas carrying the earth on his shoulders lays itself open to charges of infringement of personal patent.—*New York World*.

TUESDAY'S *New York Times* shamelessly declared that ofbgacrdbyT'ndep ***** sh sr sh sh s s, altho no hint of the contents of Colonel Roosevelt's speech was supposed to be made known until after delivery.—*Ohio State Journal*.



DISRUPTIVE FORCES IN PORTUGAL

THE THRONE of Portugal has long been tottering. The boy King, who will not be 21 till November 15, has shown many signs of incapacity and levity, if we are to believe the reports of the press. An illuminating light was thrown on the strength of the revolutionary party when Manuel's father and brother were shot down in the streets of the capital in 1908 and the Government considered it unsafe to prosecute the conspirators! So the outbreak has not come as a surprise to the European papers. It followed immediately upon the opening of the Cortes, where the speech from the throne, optimistically hopeful as it was, met but a cold reception. The anxious forebodings of the Madrid, Paris, and Berlin press have proved fully justified.

It was indeed darkly ominous that none of the Republican party of the opposition attended the opening of Parliament, as the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna) tells us. The existence of a conspiracy against the King's life has been hinted at in the press of every European capital, and the *Heraldo* (Madrid) says the Lisbon police had arrested ten men in a locksmith's shop engaged in manufacturing 171 bombs, one of the prisoners being a well-known Republican who had been arrested in 1908 for compounding explosives, tho no political plot was proved against him. On the present occasion the ten men, we are told, avowed the political object of their association. While King Manuel espoused the cause of the Clericals, and in his speech from the throne avowed his intention to protect the rights of the Church, many Catholics have become estranged from him because of his flagrantly immoral life and general feebleness of administration.

But the immediate cause of the uprising was the murder of the anticlerical leader Professor Bombardo by a lieutenant of the Clerical party, as related by the Republican paper *Pais* (Madrid). At the news of this outrage the cry, "Down with the priests," was raised throughout the streets of the capital and Bombardo's name rang all over Portugal as if he had been a second Ferrer. Soon after this the Republican leader Alfonso Costa proclaimed at a public meeting that Manuel must abdicate and leave the country. His words, as reported by the *Paris Matin*, were:

"We have let the King know that he must get out. The coming revolution will be as free from bloodshed as possible. We intend to put to death only those whom it is absolutely necessary to get rid of."

Hundreds of Army officers and under-officers lie in the prisons of Portugal, declares this paper, charged with complicity in revolutionary plots. They resented the King's sympathy with

the Francoists. It was Franco, the high-handed dictator, who attempted to govern the country without a Parliament and thus provoked the assassination of Manuel's too trusting father Carlos I. Yet, says the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, when sixteen new senators were appointed, the Republicans were indignant to find a Francoist among them. To quote from a long article on "The Political Developments in Portugal":

"The Republicans severely condemned in their morning papers the choice of a man who had been a Minister under the 'Dictator' Joao Franco. Taking into account the bitter feeling which still prevails throughout the country against the Francoists, people might well be surprised when this man, Malheiro Rey-mao, was thus promoted by the Government."



MANUEL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

A statuette sold on the streets of Paris during the young King's recent visit to England.

The spirit of antimonarchism and anticlericalism has been kept alive among the Portuguese peasantry and proletariat by the circulation of inflammatory appeals in the shape of tracts and newspapers. In the days of Franco these papers were suppressed and their publication offices closed. This enraged the party of violence and rendered Franco an object of popular execration. Carlos himself became involved in the unpopularity of his minister, who was really an able and conscientious man. King Manuel, in reversing the restrictive measures of his father, only gave confidence to his opponents. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* plainly declares that the King showed his weakness when he took the ban off the suppressed papers which had been preaching veiled treason. This restored to the country ten Republican papers whose editors had been in hiding abroad. Even the Progressistas, who were in power, were dissatisfied with the monarchy, and derided the Government they professed to belong to. The Republicans, seeing a rabid antimonarchist promoted to the Senate, thought that Manuel and his Conservative ministers were trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and one of the most prominent of the opposition remarked to the Lisbon representative of the Hamburg journal quoted above: "It is very plainly to be seen how Teixeira de Souza is working for the Republic. He has actually raised a regicide to the Senate."

The correspondent of the London *Times* recently summed up the situation as follows:

"The King is criticized as giving almost as little aid to monarchical causes as to the Progressistas, whose professed attachment to his Majesty can, it would seem, be maintained only on condition that they alone be allowed to govern, and that in any fashion they may choose."

"It is stated that the King's lack of force in political affairs is accentuated by public suspicion that his private life has been rapidly losing him the good esteem of those whose honest attachment to the Roman-Catholic Church has hitherto made them loyal to the monarchy in his person."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



TRACTION ENGINES USED IN THE ENGLISH ARMY MANEUVERS.

The American Army still depends upon the humble but useful mule. Major Bell, U. S. A., said in a recent report: "The transportation for the Army in the field is practically the same as it was in 1861, for our Army is probably the only one among the leading nations which has not made use of automobiles, traction engines, etc."

FIASCO OF THE ENGLISH MANEUVERS

MR. HALDANE, who is pronounced by the Prime Minister to be the ablest Secretary for War that England ever had, invented a new kind of army for England, which was formed of neither regularly enlisted troops, nor Volunteer Corps, but of what are called Territorial Troops. It forms a sort of army in training, or national reserve, which may be drawn upon by the regular Army in time of war. While a



A NEW PEACE PLAN.

Send all the British officers to Germany as spies, and all the German officers to England, and then lock them all up!
—Utk (Berlin).

man enlists in the regular Army for twelve years, the Territorial engages for only four and can resign when he chooses. His time of training is largely left to his own convenience, but he must serve with the colors for from eight to fifteen days consecutively every year. This autumn the Territorials have been following the example of the French and German armies in entering upon a sham campaign. *Punch* has always ridiculed them, for *Punch* is the organ of the aristocracy and the regular Army. It is reported in the press that Lord Kitchener looks with contempt on Mr. Haldane's new invention and pronounces the recent sham battle "a fiasco." This verdict is echoed by *The Saturday Review* (London), which declares:

"The Territorial maneuvers proved a fiasco. It was no fault of the officers and men, to whom much praise must be given. But it was clearly shown that they were in no way able to take the field in large organizations, and that it was impossible to expect untrained men to march and maneuver without making a farce of the whole business, in spite of the supreme efforts to make the show a success. They were stiffened by regular officers, in some cases taken away from important work which had to be done in their own units, such as artillery officers being called away from their batteries while undergoing the annual course of firing at Okehampton; and money, besides, was

poured out like water. The whole affair indeed would have been laughable if it were not so serious and pitiable."

Mr. Haldane is seriously blamed for the poor show his cavalry made in the matter of horse flesh, where Rosinante was far better represented than Bucephalus. We are informed that English stables are unable at present, owing to the decline of agriculture and grazing in the realm, to supply enough beasts for the Army and that agents are being sent to this country to buy colts from the West. *The Saturday Review*, after declaring that the lack of horses "is really becoming a national danger," proceeds:

"It is even more important than the question of the supply of men, because these, at any rate of a sort, can always be obtained at a pinch by paying for them. Neither Mr. Haldane nor other members of the Government will take this matter seriously. But it is clear that after the quality of horses obtained for the present maneuvers, and the difficulty of finding them, the matter must be seriously tackled, if an appalling breakdown when real war is upon us is not to happen."

What amazes *The Daily Mail* (London) is the fact that aviation was not utilized in the maneuvers of the Territorials. Their representative, Mr. Thomas, who had witnessed the French autumn maneuvers, came to the conclusion after visiting the Territorials on Salisbury Plain, that "the great lesson of the French maneuvers had not been grasped in England."

The Mail says editorially:

"Fresh from witnessing the operations of the French air scouts in Picardy, Mr. Thomas pointed out that they had revealed a new weapon of tremendous power in the aeroplane. There followed a statement of the French War Minister that the problem of military airmanship had been solved, and that

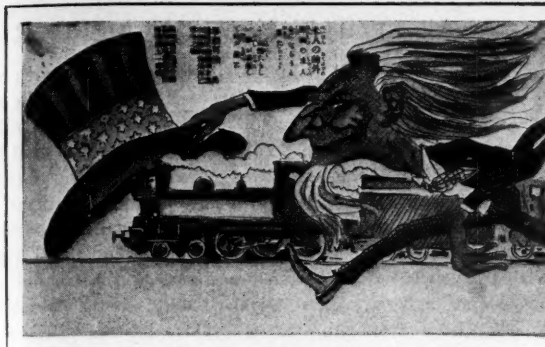


"PRESERVING" THE COUNTRY.

British Autumn Maneuvers—any Year.

Certain "sportsmen" are still to be found with so poor a notion of patriotism that they refuse to allow troops to pass through their coverts for fear that sport should be spoiled by maneuvers which are over two months before their first shoot.

—*Punch* (London).



THE RUSSO-JAPANESE CONVENTION.

UNCLE SAM.—“Gosh! I wanted to make Manchuria mine, but the convention fist knocked me out of it.” —Tokyo Puck.

the aeroplane had proved itself a most formidable weapon for scouting. . . . His report is that there are only two aeroplanes in the field; that even these two are not being used; and that the airmen have been left ten miles from the scene of operations and been granted no facilities for their work.

“In signal contrast with this official neglect of the new arm at the British maneuvers is the news that the German military authorities have been so thoroughly convinced by the French tests of military flying-machines that they have decided forthwith to organize a fleet of aeroplanes.”

JAPAN'S ASIATIC AMBITION

INSTEAD of finding Japan the gallant knight who will deliver her from the European dragon, Asia is discovering that Japan can be something of a dragon too, says a keen writer in India, whose words appear in *The Contemporary Review* of London. Mr. Saint Nihal Singh, a Sikh journalist who has traveled all over the world, recalls that when Japan fought Russia on Chinese soil, to save China from the clutches of the bear, it was thought the little brown soldiers might next be fighting England to deliver India from alien rule. This is all changed now. As Japan learned the arts of Europe in order to vanquish Europeans, so the other Asiatic nations have been trying to learn the arts of Japan, says Mr. Singh, in order to maintain the integrity of their territory from Japanese invasion. The consequence is that Japan is becoming the school of the East. Foreign Asiatics throng its places of education, its workshops, and its factories in order “to learn how Japan is able to do all this” that she has done. To quote from this brilliant Asiatic journalist:

“The entire Orient is sitting at the feet of Japan in order to become able to outwit that nation. The Sunrise Kingdom learned from the Occident how to beat the West with its own weapons. Asia to-day seems anxious to pay Japan back in her own coin. Realizing the necessity of educating themselves along the same lines as Japan, if they are to be as successful as the little island nation has been, the other Asian countries have sent students to the Land of the Rising Sun to master the methods that have pushed the Japanese forward in the scale of nations. From India, China, Siam, the Philippines, and other Eastern countries students have flocked to Japan. They go there with a dynamic desire to learn the arts and crafts that have made it possible for the Oriental islanders to whip an Occidental Power, and which, they hope, will in turn enable their nations to get the better of the Occident and, at the same time, of Japan. These seekers after knowledge are of all sorts and conditions. They come from rich and poor families, and represent all castes and provinces. Some of them have passed the middle milestone of life, while others are mere boys in their teens. Most of them are supported by the Government or by public-spirited citizens of the land from whence they come. A few support themselves. They quickly become absorbed in the great student population of Tokyo—nine-tenths of the foreign students gravitate to the capital of the Empire—and by the time six months have passed by they are tolerably well able to talk

the language and follow the discourse of the Japanese lecturers in the schools and colleges. Not all of them enter the schools, however; many of them work in factories and workshops with a view to possessing themselves of the keys that will unlock the gates of industrial prosperity.”

Japan is no Little Red Ridinghood to walk into the jaws of the wolf, and is becoming seriously alarmed by the prospect of rivalry disguised under the garb of admiration and complaisance. Japan is too shrewd not to see that a checkmate is lying in wait for her, and she is now throwing hindrances in the way of the foreign students whose attendance in her schools she once so eagerly welcomed, for the industrial students of India



THE DOOR IS OPEN,
But who can get past the guards?
—National Review (Shanghai).

and China are stealing her secrets, undermining her power, and spoiling her prospects of supremacy in Asia. In Mr. Singh's words:

“Japan, evidently becoming alarmed at the Asiatic attitude toward her trade policies, is showing a disposition to hinder the Oriental students in their quest for information. The fees for foreign students who desire to study in the Japanese universities and polytechnic schools have been doubled, while it is daily becoming more difficult for the continental Asiatic to gain admittance to the mills and factories of Japan in order to learn the secrets of the various trades and industries.”

Yet the stream of foreigners, in spite of all obstacles, persistently pours into Tokyo. “The Orient seems to be afraid of being exploited by Japan, but at the same time does not hesitate to learn from the Japanese how to escape being despoiled.”

The old romantic dream that Japan would lead the crusade against the European usurpers and looters, and help each nation

to assert its autonomy is now ridiculed in the Indian and Chinese press. Mr. Singh thus interprets the spirit prevailing on the Asiatic continent at this moment:

"The entire Oriental press went into ecstasies over the prowess of the Japanese soldiers and the strategic ability of the officers who engineered the task of grappling with the Rus-



THE NEW DREAM OF THE ASIATIC OGRE.
JAPAN—"Excellent! My appetite grows with eating."
—Fischietto (Tuirn).

sian Army and Navy. Enthusiastic panegyrics were written regarding the sacrifices which the patriotic islanders had made to avert a menace to their national existence. Lavish praise was bestowed upon the wonderful manner in which Japan, in a brief span of years, had modernized and prepared herself to defeat the Oriental with his own weapons.

"To-day all is changed. Where not long ago Asia was vociferously appreciative of Japan, at this moment the Orient is coming to denounce Japanese aggression. At least, Asia is showing unmistakable signs that she does not regard Japan as her possible leader. The Orient has been forced to assume this attitude because of Japan's recent actions in Korea, Manchuria, and China, which are being interpreted all over the continent as inimical to the 'Asia-for-the-Asiatics' propaganda."

Japan is "out for herself," all the time, declares this writer, and is intriguing and maneuvering for the preeminence, not of Asiatic nations, but of one nation, and the nation whose headquarters are at Tokyo. "The Asians," he concludes, "have assumed a watchful attitude toward Japan, and are inclined to resent the Nipponese propaganda, which seems to be: 'Asia-for-the-Japanese.'"



EVERYTHING HARMONIOUS.
JAPANESE GENERAL—"Of course you are signing your abdication of your own free will?"
EMPEROR OF KOREA—"To be sure. How could anybody think otherwise?"
—Mucha (Warsaw).

AGAINST THE KOREAN MERGER

ONE PROMINENT Japanese, at least, looks with misgiving upon the annexation of Korea. While the rest of the nation seems a unit in approving this step, Mr. Takenokoshi, writing in the *Taiyo* (Tokyo), declares that two dangers beset the Japanese in this course. The Government of the Mikado is investing money in improvements, without the least chance of being reimbursed; and secondly, experience teaches that the sudden introduction of foreign institutions, with an abolition of all native precedents, is fatal to national or colonial progress. These words of Mr. Takenokoshi are not to be lightly dismissed. He is said to be one of the most learned politicians in Japan, and has written many popular books. He has traveled extensively in the colonies and dependencies in the Far East, and is well versed in the colonial policies of the various Powers. His excellent book on Japanese administration in Formosa has been translated into English and published in this country. Like many scholars, he often hazards extraordinary generalizations and prophecies, but on the whole his views are marked by sanity and discretion. Naturally his antiannexation views have attracted wide attention in this country. The cardinal point of his contention is that no Power should spend on a colony a sum of money which is utterly out of proportion to the profit which the commerce and industry of that colony are capable of conferring upon the mother country. He says:

"Korean administration entails at present an expenditure of some \$21,500,000, of which Japan provides \$16,000,000. In addition Japan has advanced \$2,500,000 to the Korean Government, without the least possibility of reimbursement. Now Korea's foreign trade does not exceed \$17,500,000, of which about 15 per cent. may be taken as the profit Japan may derive therefrom. It comes to this, that we should not expend upon Korea much more than \$2,500,000 annually, whereas we are expending more than six times that sum. The annexation of Korea will inevitably increase our financial burden, which is already too heavy. Korea may in time become self-supporting, but judging from our experience in Formosa, thirty years are required to attain that stage. Presuming that \$15,000,000 will be the annual sum of expenditure after annexation, the total amount for thirty years would be \$450,000,000. Certainly the game is not worth the candle."

Mr. Takenokoshi further contends that Japanese policy in Korea has been based upon a mistaken idea of colonial administration. When France first occupied Annam, he asserts, she introduced radical reforms into the administration of its internal affairs, fancying that the Annamese could be governed in the same manner as Frenchmen. The folly of this policy soon became evident, and the new policy of France is based upon the idea that native institutions should be maintained where they do not run counter to good administration. What Japan is doing in Korea is, the writer believes, what France was doing in Annam before the adoption of the new policy.

The idea that civilization and prosperity will be promoted and Japan aggrandized by the annexation is laughed at by the Russian papers. Annam is indeed a warning and Korea can no more be governed by Japanese than Annam by French Republicans. The *Novoye Vremya* is very satirical on this point and derides the Japanese official documents in which the annexation of Korea is described as advantageous to civilization in general and to the Koreans in particular. It says that Korea could get along very well without the unasked aid of Japan, and ridicules the statement that the Koreans offered no resistance to Japan's encroachments. It recalls the report published by the Japanese Government itself, which shows that since the conclusion of the war with Russia thousands of Koreans were killed in the attempt of the Japanese officials to eradicate the rebellious spirit. It concludes:

"Russian interests in Korea are so slight that our diplomacy has no excuse whatever to raise a protest. Other Governments, however, like the United States and England, have more at stake in this matter. For them the annexation of Korea is very detrimental. As far as we can judge by the facts that have come to us from the Foreign Office, there is considerable dissatisfaction in England. More serious dissatisfaction probably is to be expected in Washington. But since no one is going to declare war on account of Korea, and since there is no other means of reversing the accomplished fact, we may suppose that the whole affair will end in a few more or less cutting newspaper editorials. There is only one thing to be said about Korea now: 'Requiescat in pace.'"

The *Riech* (St. Petersburg) does not deny that the Japanese met with opposition in Korea, but explains it as follows:

"The picture of Japan's activity in Korea from 1905 to 1909 seems to differ widely according to the sources from which it is drawn. With the object of gaining the good-will of the civilized world the Japanese published and distributed widely an official account of the General-Resident from 1907 to 1909. According to that account, of course, the Japanese administration was beneficent and enlightening. The work of the administration was carefully planned and systematically carried out, and found resistance only among those who were blinded by prejudices or by their reactionary tendencies. But if we turn to the observations made by foreigners, especially Englishmen and Americans, then we obtain quite a different impression. They tell us the rule of the Japanese in Korea has brought war and desperation to the natives, who are forcibly deprived of the very fundamentals of national existence. The truth is, however, these fundamentals really belonged to a bygone age, while the Japanese reforms, tho introduced by force, undoubtedly aim not merely at the conquest, but also at the Europeanization of the country."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN RUSSIA

WOMEN in Russia among the lower orders are merely tools in their husbands' hands, and regarded as so many domestic animals, says Mr. Eugen Zabel in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (Berlin). Men have an almost unlimited power of punishing their wives. They beat and starve them, and make them do the lowest menial work. The young girls are exposed like cattle in the market to await those in want of wives. Yet, says this writer, the Russian woman is a noble and heroic creature. She is neither sprightly, like the French woman, nor thoughtful like the German, but she is intelligent, enthusiastic, and devoted to political liberty. This quality is described as follows:

"If the Russian woman of the lower order still finds herself in a state of abject submission, tho not through her own fault, a lady of the upper class has every opportunity of exhibiting all the fine qualities of her nature. It is true that she has not the airy vivacity of a French woman, nor that calm and spiritual thoughtfulness of the German which appears so plainly in her love for husband and children. Yet she is conspicuous for her great enthusiasm in espousing a lofty ideal for the political and social future of her country. Fidelity, self-sacrifice, valor are all manifested by her in seconding the efforts of the man she loves even in the severest hardships."

When Nicholas I. came to the throne an insurrection broke out in which the noblest of the land were implicated. Many rich and titled people among the crowd of conspirators were mown down by the cannon in St. Petersburg. Many rich men of rank were banished to Siberia and their wives were given liberty to be divorced from them. Most of these Russian ladies preferred to follow their husbands and "in the icy deserts of Siberia many of them died prematurely."

The feminism of the Russian women sometimes takes a more masculine direction. The suffragettes are calm, reasonable, and moderate in comparison with the Slavic feminists, for "naturally the passionate temperament of the Russian women

leads them to join the revolutionary movement, with an activity which is absolutely ferocious."

But the Russian woman also directs her activity to the pursuits of civil life and the abolition of war. She is an intellectual, a practical scientist, and a pacifist. Of this side of her



RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

The peasant women "are regarded as so many domestic animals" and the men "beat and starve them and make them do the lowest menial work."

character, which is as far removed from the abject degradation of the beaten wife as it is from the rage of the revolutionary fury, Mr. Zabel remarks:

"The most striking characteristic of the Russian woman of to-day is her desire to rival the man in all fields of social activity and to secure her independence of his authority. A vast number of women frequent the schools of the university and are found in the chemical and clinical laboratories. They submit to the severest privations and hardships in their efforts to attain a position of independence."

It is too often thought, says this writer, that Russian women are political and socialistic visionaries of the most extreme sort. It is true, he admits, that there are some who "promote with passionate and terrible relentlessness the social and revolutionary agitation of the Nihilists and live expatriated in Paris, Berlin, London, and New York." But there is another side of the picture which Mr. Zabel thus unfolds:

"The activity of the Russian woman also expands itself in the promotion of progress and peace. The Russian women of the most advanced class practise medicine, become professional nurses, build hospitals, and institute, both in the cities and the provinces of Russia, refuges for boys and girls, protectories for children, and employment agencies. The motto on their banner is 'Science and Liberty.' Their aim is to elevate the character of women in Russia. They wish to destroy the old system of feminine slavery and submission to masculine tyranny, and on its ruins to erect a new social structure radiant with the light of intellectual civilization."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



INTERIOR OF A RUSSIAN PEASANT COTTAGE.



THE ANT AS A HEALTH-BOARD AGENT

THE ANT has just been presented in an entirely new character. Of her industry no one has entertained a doubt, the sluggard having been for centuries adjoined to "consider her ways and be wise." None of us has suspected, however, that these ways might include a proclivity to fight against the agents of disease and on the side of hygiene. One of our recently acquired species in the Philippines does just this type of work, as has been recently discovered by Dr. Percy L. Jones, a surgeon in the United States Army. Says *The British Medical Journal* (London):

"We are beginning to hear much of the baleful activity of the fly in the dissemination of disease. Captain Jones's observations, therefore, which were made in the Philippines, come very opportunely as offering a possible remedy for an addition to the dangers which threaten human life. Having noticed that flies are comparatively rare in the Philippines, he ascertained that there is a species of ant which finds the larvæ of the fly are very much to its gastronomic taste. The way in which the ant deals with the larva is described by Captain Jones as follows:

"Upon watching these ants attack fly larvæ, it is interesting to note that they do so in a way which proves that they are no novices at the procedure. One will attack an extremity and apparently bite it, and as soon as the larva begins to coil and makes efforts to escape, numbers of others will immediately jump upon it, and in the course of a few moments the larva will be apparently dead. I believe that the ant introduces some venom in the act of biting, formic acid in character, which preserves the larva as food until such time as the ant needs it—cans it, in other words. As soon as the struggles of the larva have ceased, they haul it off to their nests and return for others. In many instances I have seen them carry away pupæ. It will be interesting for the reader to procure a few maggots and place them over an ant-bed."

"But what would the antivivisectionists say?"

"This ant has other excellent qualities. It is said to destroy bedbugs as well as flies. It might be worth while trying it for this purpose in London."

"There is one cloud on the bright horizon of fly-destruction opened up by Captain Jones's observations. Mr. Banks, the official entomologist in the Bureau of Science in Manila, doubts whether the particular species of ant which takes this field of hygienic industry for its province is found in the United States; indeed, it does not seem to be yet classified. Captain Jones, who is evidently a practical man, has considered the expediency of introducing the Philippine ant into countries where flies are recognized as enemies to health. He thinks that further study of the insect's habits is needed before it is indiscriminately let loose everywhere on flies, for, besides its qualifications as a scavenger and as a destroyer of flies, it may have undesirable propensities, such as an inclination to consume wood and other valuable articles. We must therefore, it would seem, before calling this ant to our assistance, take heed lest we suffer the fate which has often overtaken nations which called in foreign assistance in time of invasion."

NEW IDEAS IN ASTRONOMY

ON THE summit of Mount Wilson, near Pasadena, Cal., over 6,000 feet above sea-level, is grouped a collection of costly astronomical instruments that would doubtless have been called "freaks" a few years ago. Strange as they are, they represent the latest word in astronomical construction—a breaking loose from the traditions of many years. Here we see telescopes whose tubes are horizontal and fixed, the sun's image being reflected in by a moving mirror; a telescope with no tube at all, its place being taken by a lofty steel tower of skeleton framework; and complicated spectroscopic apparatus mounted in chambers far underground. The photographic plate here has largely taken the place of the observer's eye. This observatory, which is entirely for the study of the sun, is maintained by the Carnegie Institution of Washington under the superintendence of Prof. George E. Hale, one of the most eminent of American astronomers.

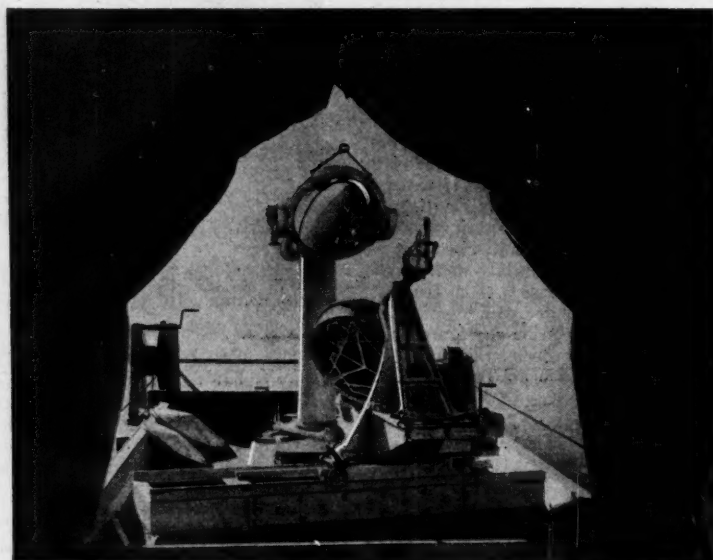
Here, in August last, met the fourth International Congress for Solar Research, to attend which forty of the world's greatest students of the sun

climbed above the clouds, and were rewarded by the sight of a most singular and successful battery of instruments. What foreign experts think of this characteristically American scientific plant may be seen from what Mr. C. Renaudot writes of the Congress in *La Nature* (Paris, September 3):

"The plan of the observatory is conceived in an essentially practical way; there is no architectural or decorative luxury, but good instruments, made with all the perfection possible to modern optics."

"One of the chief of these is the Snow telescope . . . which is composed of a cœlostast formed of two plane mirrors 2½ feet and 2 feet in diameter, installed on a platform at the extremity of the building that covers the telescope. The first of these, which is so mounted that the plane of its silvered surface is exactly parallel to the earth's axis and moved by clockwork, reflects the sun's rays upon the second mirror. By the action of these reflectors, the light-rays are directed to a concave mirror 2 feet in diameter, placed at a distance of 95 feet to the north of the cœlostast in a building of steel, protected from temperature variations and from all exterior perturbative influences. This mirror, in turn, projects the sun's rays to a point 59 feet away, where an image of the sun 7 inches in diameter is formed. By inclining the concave mirror at right angles this image is thrown on the slit of a spectrograph or of a large spectroheliograph."

"In the course of the last year, 1,180 photographs of the sun were taken with the spectroheliograph. The examination of these shows that the clouds or flocculi of hydrogen in the chromosphere . . . vary so swiftly in form that photographs taken at intervals of eight to ten hours are of no use in the study of the sun's rotation. These changes may be followed in detail on photographs taken at intervals of one minute."



THE REFLECTING MIRRORS OF THE SNOW TELESCOPE

That catch the sun's rays and project them 95 feet to another mirror, which casts a 7-inch image of the sun, to be studied and photographed, on still another mirror 59 feet distant.

"Another large telescope, five feet in diameter, very different from the preceding, . . . has been in service since December 13, 1908. According to circumstances, it may be used (1) as a Newtonian telescope of 25 feet focal length for direct photography or for spectroscopy . . . ; (2) as a Cassegrain telescope of 100 feet focal length, also for direct photography; (3) as a Cassegrain telescope of 80 feet focal length for spectroscopic research with a large spectrograph attached to the lower end; (4) as an elbowed Cassegrain for spectroscopic observations, with a very large spectroscope mounted on columns in an underground chamber at constant temperature. . . . Six different mirrors correspond to these various uses."

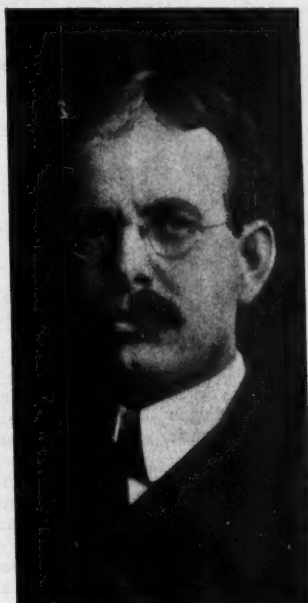
But the most interesting piece of apparatus to Mr. Renaudot was another huge solar telescope of novel design, testifying even more strongly to the skill of the American astronomer in devising instruments to meet the exacting demands of modern scientific investigation. This he describes as follows:

"The most curious apparatus of the Mount Wilson Observatory is surely the tower-telescope, in which the traditional metallic tube serving as a mount is replaced by a light steel tower, vertical and immovable, which rises 65 feet into the air. A mirror 17 inches in diameter, mounted as a cœlost at the platform at the top, carried on rails so that it may move north and south, and actuated by clockwork which causes it to follow the apparent path of the sun, reflects the rays of light to a second mirror of elliptical shape, which sends back the light vertically through a lens of 60 feet focal length, directed toward the zenith. The image of the sun, so formed at a point about five feet above the ground-level, falls on the slit of a spectrograph, passing through which the rays reach another lens placed in an underground chamber 30 feet beneath the lower and encounter a Rowland grating immediately below. Finally, the light traverses an object-glass which forms the image of the spectrum at the focus of the spectrograph, where it is photographed.

"The advantages presented by this new kind of vertical fixed telescope are, it would appear, so considerable that the Carnegie Institution is now engaged in the erection of a second similar one, still more colossal, whose steel tower, measuring about 165 feet in height, will be totally enclosed in a second tower, which protects it from the wind and assures it absolute stability.

"The summit, to which an elevator will lead, will be covered with a dome, which will shelter the cœlost at and other parts of the apparatus. The combined spectrograph and spectroheliograph, of 75 feet focal length, will be set up in an underground chamber 78 feet deep, so that the whole structure will be not less than 240 feet high!

"This wonderful installation will be completed by a gigantic reflector 8 feet 4 inches in diameter and 2 feet thick, with 50 feet focal length, the gift of Mr J. D. Hooker, who has already given more than \$45,000 for the realization of this monster mirror."



PROF. GEORGE E. HALE,
Director of the observatory on Mt. Wilson, California, maintained by the Carnegie Institution solely for the study of the sun.

IS ELECTRICITY CHEAPER THAN OIL?

WHILE this may seem an idle question to those who have always regarded electricity as an expensive luxury, yet a good case for an affirmative answer is made out by *Popular Electricity* (Chicago, October) by calculating the cost on a basis of candle-power and taking into account effective distribution. Says this paper:

"Do you remember grandmother's kindly dictum? 'Better light the oil lamp, dear. It is cheaper.' There was reason for it, coming in the bygone years when everything electrical was much dearer than now and when even rough figuring showed that lighting by oil lamps was cheaper than by incandescents. Since that time the cost of current has steadily decreased, but thanks to the Standard Oil Company the price of oil has also gone down, so how do the two compare now?

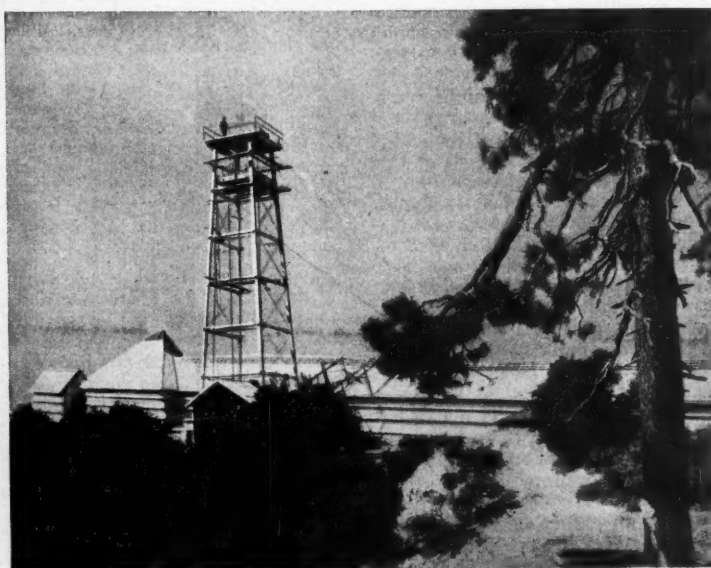
"In grandmother's day the comparison was merely as to the amount of light obtained at the lamp at the same cost, for the use of reflecting and diffusing mediums was then practically unknown. To-day all logical comparisons must be as to the effective lighting on tables, counters, desks, or in show-windows; in other words, what comparative illumination can be obtained from each illuminant for the same money?

"Theoretically, according to one of our leading authorities on illumination, Dr. Louis Bell, a gallon of the highest grade of kerosene burned in the most improved type of lamp will give 800 candle hours, which means that it will supply a 20 candle-power lamp for 40 hours. To obtain the same 20 candle-power in a tungsten lamp (requiring 25 watts) for the 40 hours would take 40 times 25 watt-hours, or just a kilowatt hour. Therefore a gallon of the best kerosene can give theoretically as much light as a kilowatt-hour of current. In practise the common grades of oil fall from 10 to 30 per cent. shy of the best grade, so that it will take about 1¼ gallons of oil to equal a kilowatt-hour of current in the light obtained at the lamp."

But when it comes to effective light at the places where it is needed, the writer goes on to say, a 20-candle oil lamp is by no means equal to a 20-candle-power incandescent. The large oil

reservoir and chimney are always in the way, and interfere with the effective use of reflectors. On the other hand, tungsten lamps may be used in any position, and by reflectors the useful illumination may easily be twice that from oil lamps of the same candle-power. In some classes of work such as show-window lighting, the proportion is as high as four to one. We read further:

"Allowing for the commercial kerosene, which is below the grade on which Dr. Bell based his figures, this means that it will take anywhere from 2¼ to 5 gallons of oil



THE TUBELESS TOWER-TELESCOPE.

Rising 65 feet into the air, with mirrors at the top which throw the light upon a lens in an underground chamber 30 feet below the surface.

to give the same illumination as a kilowatt-hour of current. Thus at Chicago, where kerosene retails at 13 cents per gallon, oil lamps would be effectively as cheap as the incandescents if the current for different classes of indoor lighting costs from 32½ to 65 cents per kilowatt-hour, or an average of perhaps 40 cents. As a matter of fact it costs less than a third of this rate, so that even the much less efficient carbon filament lamps figure out cheaper in service than kerosene lamps.

"Besides, the incandescent lamps can be instantly turned on and off, thus saving wasteful times of burning, and they do not have the other annoying features of the kerosene lamp: the labor of cleaning and filling lamps, the difficulty of keeping them from smoking if exposed to drafts, the fire risk in lighting them, the vitiation of the air both by the smell or fumes and by consuming oxygen, or the much greater radiation of heat (for what is the ordinary oil stove but an overgrown kerosene lamp?). If the lighting costs were equal, these objections would count seriously against the kerosene lamp, but with our modern high-efficiency incandescent lamps we have so far outstripped the oil in economy of operation that we can simply disregard its handicaps and look upon it merely as an interesting, but now outgrown factor in the historical development of illuminants."

"NEWSPAPER SCIENCE"

A SEVERE criticism of the methods of the daily press in handling medical news is made as a leading editorial by *The Interstate Medical Journal* (St. Louis). The same criticism has been made with regard to the treatment of other sciences. Medical news, we are told, is usually inaccurate, unintelligible, and handled by persons ignorant of the subject-matter. Says the writer:

"Powerful as is the influence of newspapers on the thought and evolution of a people, serious attention should be given to the careless way in which medical items are handled. Every physician can recall countless cases when his patients or friends have consulted him as to the accuracy of newspaper reports of medical news. We learn of cancer cures galore, to which the names of eminent scientists are appended in the same free manner as the names of the socially prominent are attached to the list of those present at certain functions; we read with grim delight the unconscious humor of most of the attempts of the lay press to enlighten their readers on the progress of medical science. Yet no criticism can be made of the object of these attempts. The lay world is rightly interested in medicine, and the greater this interest, the better chance has preventive medicine of carrying out its policies of improvement to the general health; consequently there should be means of dissemination of medical knowledge to the public, and no vehicle can carry this burden so well or so thoroughly as the daily newspapers. But in questions involving medical news, either of a purely scientific nature, or of more general worldly interest, the truth must be handled without gloves; half a truth is quite unpardonable, and an exaggerated or misinterpreted statement is too misleading to be other than harmful.

"We grant then, that medical news should be distributed by the daily papers, yet we criticize severely the methods of the papers in handling such news. It stands against reason that a person unacquainted with medical literature can be equipped to write articles on medical subjects that shall truthfully give the news the article wishes to convey; . . . Medical material must be written, or supervised, by a medical man, and if our criticism so far has been destructive, we offer a constructive conception of cooperation between the papers and the profession. Whether it be possible for a newspaper to include on its staff a medical editor, either consulting or active, we can not say, but if such a person on the staff were made responsible for the accuracy of all medical items, the paper would subserve its function of purveyor of news in a manner decidedly to its own advantage, and to the better interest of the public. In addition to this arrangement, medical articles on timely topics could be furnished the dailies by the local medical societies, among whose members surely some one can be found gifted with the art of writing naturally, unintelligible matter in an interesting manner. Perhaps no better reference to the value of this arrangement can be made than by recalling Dr. Woods Hutchinson's articles, the material of which is always good, and the style unusually pointed."

HARM DONE BY DAZZLING LIGHT

IT IS COMING to be recognized that dazzling sources of light are more than merely annoying—they are injurious to the eyesight, and lead to blindness. All light should be diffused before it reaches the eye, which should never gaze directly at a small, brilliant source like an incandescent filament. Says an editorial writer in *The Illuminating Engineer* (New York, October):

"The wonder is that the nuisance has been tolerated in this country so long. In Europe they do some things much better, and street lighting is one of them; the atrocity of the unshaded arc was never tolerated there.

"The automobile has introduced a new factor in street traffic, and, as it has not only come to stay but is unquestionably bound to increase rapidly for many years to come, a consideration of the necessities of automobile traffic is an important factor in all considerations pertaining to streets and highways. A case was recently reported where an automobile had a rear-end collision with a wagon ahead, throwing the driver some 75 feet to his death, the chauffeur claiming that he could not see ahead of him on account of being blinded by an electric lamp. Of course, the chauffeur should have recognized the fact that he could not see beyond this dazzling light source, and kept his speed down to a safe rate; but the fact remains, nevertheless, that the dazzling light was responsible for the accident.

"Another accident in the same city, and occurring at nearly the same time, also cost a life. A trolley-car passing one of the parks ran over a pedestrian who happened to be crossing in the shadow of a tree, the motorman's eyes being so dazzled by the bright spot of illumination immediately in front of him that he could not discern objects in the shadow ahead.

"The time has now come when unshaded or bare light-sources should not be tolerated, even in exterior illumination. It has been shown time and again that, so far as actual vision is concerned, there is a decided gain by equipping a light-source with a diffusing globe, or otherwise hiding its direct rays from the eye. Simply because there may be some additional expense in maintaining the necessary diffusing or shading apparatus, and that there is actually some absorption of light, is no longer a sufficient excuse for the dangerous annoyance of unshaded light-sources."

In a general way, the writer goes on, it has been known for a long time that the loss of light occasioned by diffusing globes is far more than compensated for by the increase in physiological effect. This important point has now been scientifically investigated, and the writer tells us that the results will astonish even those who have been familiar with the general effect. In other words, the loss of visual perception occasioned by glare is far greater than has been suspected. To quote further:

"A great deal of legislation has been proposed and many legal regulations enacted governing automobile traffic. Streets and highways are made for the use of the people, with whatever means of locomotion may be most convenient and practical; and, while such regulations for different sorts of traffic are necessary in order to protect the rights of all, the people engaged in such traffic have a perfect right to demand that the streets and highways themselves shall be equipped in the best possible manner for their use.

"Some clever official in a Western city conceived a brilliant and simple plan for preventing automobiles from speeding in its suburban streets. He constructed transverse raised ridges across the streets at frequent intervals, like those on country roads known as 'thank-you-ma'ams.' If these were run over at what was considered undue speed, the jar on the automobile would be such as to induce the driver to keep his speed down to the desired rate. The injuring of a machine by this device was the occasion of a suit brought against the city for damages, with a verdict for the plaintiff. As a result the street was at once leveled to its original condition, which illustrates the point that we are making—namely, that the streets are made for use by everybody, and those who use them have a right to demand every condition of safety and convenience that it is practicable to provide.

"Before leaving this subject, however, a word as to the nuisance of the average automobile headlights will not be amiss.



FIG. 1.—A QUARTER-INCH STRIP BENT COLD IN A CIRCLE.



By courtesy of "The Iron Age," New York.

FIG. 2.—SAME MATERIAL TWISTED COLD.

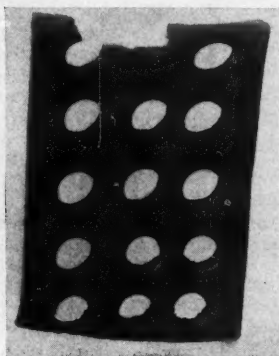


FIG. 3.—HOLES PUNCHED THROUGH A PIECE HALF AN INCH THICK.



FIG. 4.—A BLOCK OF CONVERTED STEEL WITH A HOLE DRILLED THROUGH IT.

SOME OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF "CONVERTED STEEL."

These are generally search-lights of no mean proportions, and to look one in the face is to dazzle the eyes to practical blindness so far as vision at the time is concerned. The fault is the more inexcusable because it is unnecessary. It would be a very simple matter to construct the head-lights so that they would throw their light on the pavement or roadway equally well without throwing it up where it would strike the eyes of others using the highway."

A NEW MATERIAL—CONVERTED STEEL

A NEW iron alloy called "converted steel" has recently been placed on the market and is said to have many valuable qualities, tho it may be produced at about the same price as ordinary malleable iron. A writer in *The Iron Age* (New York, September 22) tells us that the details of the manufacture of this metal are withheld and that the material used in the mixture and the process of annealing are kept secret.

The mixture, of which charcoal pig-iron is the chief ingredient, is melted in an air furnace, and the most important part of the manufacture, the annealing, is done in a muffle furnace, differing radically from the annealing process used by malleable-iron foundries. It is much shorter, taking but three days. He goes on:

"The properties of this metal resemble very closely the open-hearth steel casting, the tensile strength being from 10,000 to 20,000 pounds in excess of malleable iron. The elongation, however, will greatly exceed that of either the malleable iron or the average steel casting. This metal being soft is very easily machined. It is claimed to be uniform all through, containing no hard spots, such as are usually found in the larger sections of malleable iron, and does not contain blowholes so prevalent in cast steel. Any defect in converted steel will show on the surface, so there is not a large labor loss by encountering blowholes when machine work is nearly completed.

"The segregation in this metal, it is said, does not affect the casting as in cast steel, and castings with sharp corners and deep pockets can be made perfect as a solid piece, thereby making these points as strong as any other part of the casting. Castings can be made from this metal weighing up to 1,200 pounds and of up to 6-inch section. Owing to the short annealing process, deliveries can be made within one week from receipt of patterns. . . .

"That the metal is extremely tough can be seen by the illustrations. Fig. 1 shows a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch piece bent cold in a circle, Fig. 2 shows a piece of the same size twisted cold, Fig. 3 shows a piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch metal with several $\frac{5}{16}$ -inch holes punched through it cold, and Fig. 4 shows a piece of this metal 5 inches square with a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch hole drilled through it. From the above it can be readily seen that this material can be used for any

purpose for which malleable or cast steel is at present used, and it is also to some extent superseding the use of drop forgings."

TO PUT THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

ONE OF the most pressing problems of industrial education is the placing of the finished product. The world is full of square pegs in round holes and the reverse—lawyers who should have been mechanics and mechanics who would make better farmers. No complete recipe for mending this state of things is at hand, but there is no doubt that our schools might do more toward bettering it than they are doing. Says a writer in *The American Machinist* (New York, September 15):

"Teachers have an excellent opportunity to watch the natural tendencies and capacities of scholars. And tho it is not distinctly their province to do so, they can do much toward helping young men in the selection of a suitable vocation. And this is largely the difference between good work and inefficiency.

"We have a case in mind where a boy was struggling with mechanics in a night-school and making very little progress. The teacher sized up the situation, knew of a good opportunity to learn to be a cook on board a steamer, and the boy took up the suggestion. He made a good cook and is earning better pay than he ever would as a machinist.

"If we could weed out the men who are working as machinists but who would make better carpenters, barbers, coachmen, or engineers, and be happier doing it, the efficiency of the trade, as a whole, would be increased. But unless we replenished the supply with misfits in other trades, who ought to have been machinists, our supply of men would run short.

"We talk much about the efficiency of the men in a shop as a whole, but this depends on the efficiency of the individual. This in turn depends on whether he is fitted for the work and likes it, or whether he runs a planer because he had to find something and that was the first job that came handy.

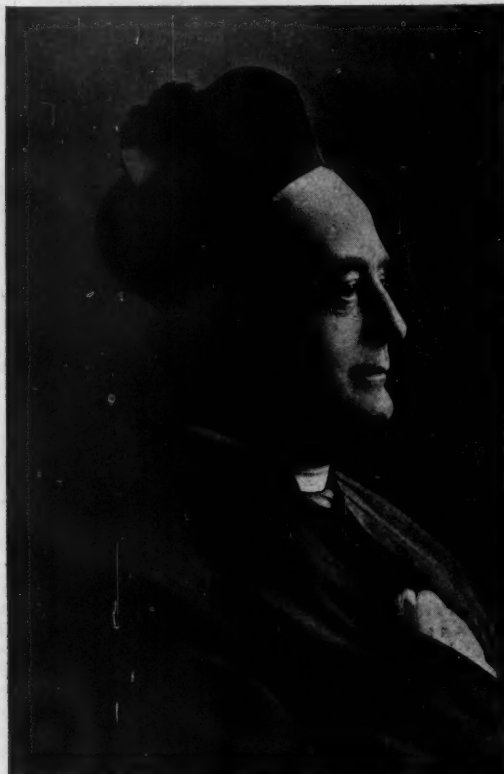
"We must not expect perfect men. If we did, most of us would be out of a job. But we can come nearer the goal of increasing efficiency by using as much care as possible in helping the boy get started in the line of work that interests him. Altho he may not realize it, it takes a big difference in salary to make up for an uncongenial occupation, and even then there is a lurking feeling of unhappiness that some never get over.

"Teachers, parents, and employers will do well to try to find out what work interests a boy and to refrain from trying to make him follow certain lines against his will. It is better to be a good chauffeur than a poor lawyer, or to be a really good farmer than a third-rate tool-maker. And it is a business proposition to every one concerned, for when a man likes his work, he does it better and gets more out of life generally."



FATHER VAUGHAN IN NEW YORK

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, of London, continues to express his belief in the decay of Protestantism. Following upon his recent utterances along this line in Montreal during the sessions of the Eucharistic Congress, he preaches at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in initiating the services attendant upon the consecration of that edifice. Father Vaughan begins very astutely by citing a Protestant Episcopal bishop on Protestantism's decay, remarking that the bishop goes beyond anything he ever said in that direction.



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FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN,

Who takes an American Protestant bishop for his authority that Protestantism is "dying after 300 years of senile decay."

Despite this, his observations have not been allowed to pass without Protestant protest, and, in short, the English priest who stirred all London by his attacks upon the follies of the "smart set" in his sermons at his Farm Street church, is not departing from our shores without something of the same sensational success. The daily press quote his sermons and addresses in large part; that which contained his references to "Protestant decay" runs as follows:

"A month ago, in Canada, I spoke of those churches outside the Catholic Church as wanting life and energy, and the whole of Protestant Canada rose up to tear to pieces, not my argument, but my own wretched self. It did not interest me; but what does interest me is what I read in the paper this morning. The Protestant Bishop Selw, of Jamestown, N. Y., what does he say? He says that the spirit of Protestantism is in decay. He tells us, if he is reported fairly, that it is an expiring religion; and he seems almost to invite us to give it a respectable funeral.

"I never ventured to say as much as the Protestant bishop has said. With some hesitancy I suggested that a little life was needed; and he comes forth and proclaims from the house-

top that the religion of which he is bishop is dying after 300 years of senile decay.

"My brethren, we have to be manly. We have to face these things and not be afraid of one another, but to say the thing that is straight, and to go the way that is straight, and furiously to uphold the thing that is straight. I am proud of Bishop Selw for striking his note of warning; for if in the alarm bell there is a note in its vibrating air that men, hearing it, may look to their spiritual whereabouts, and whether they belong to the Church or whether they are outside of the Church, or whether they are in the porch of the Church; that they may look to see if their religion is vital and vitalizing energy; if it is an entity that is making for life or a microbe fastening on them for death.

"My beloved brothers and sisters, redeemed with me by the precious blood of the Son of God, we can not afford to compromise, to minimize, to temporize, when we are speaking about the things for which Jesus Christ fought, and bled, and died.

"It is well for those who are yet on the pilgrimage of life to look at the parting of the ways and to read the sign-posts telling which is the way to Catholicism and which the road to agnosticism. Brethren, get your route ticket for the up line; leave the down line alone. Take care that at the close of the journey of life you slow into the right terminus, for there is no returning."

The Presbyterian Ministers' Association, convening on the day following Father Vaughan's sermon, passed the following resolution, made public by its secretary, Rev. Lewis W. Barney:

"Resolved, That this association repudiates the statement quoted by the Rev. Father Vaughan in this city, to the effect that Protestantism in America is dying, and combats his assertion that Catholicism is the only hope of the American Republic.

"In an hour when we desire the fullest cordiality of Catholics and Protestants toward each other, we would merely mention Father Vaughan's utter unfamiliarity with American conditions—being a foreigner and having arrived here but two days ago—and we would cite as samples of Roman-Catholic influence in elevating countries where that Church has long had absolute domination, the conditions in Spain and France, and South American nations, and in Italy, until Mazzini and Victor Emmanuel secured civil liberty and ushered in the modern and better Italy by fighting and triumphing over the papal power.

"Our nation was born a Protestant nation, several of the original thirteen colonies being exclusively Protestant, and has attained its present high place as a Protestant nation, and until the Roman Church can cite some nation that has arisen under Catholicism as rapidly and gloriously as ours, Father Vaughan's pronunciamento needs no refutation."

Father Vaughan's opportunity for rebuttal came at the occasion of a lecture he delivered in Brooklyn on "Joan of Arc." His reported words were these:

"I have been excommunicated by the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Greater New York. They say I gave out a pronunciamento about the United States, altho I have been only two days here. And before they began their excommunication of me they give out a pronunciamento about Spain and the countries of South America in which hardly one of them ever spent two hours. Again they condemn me as unfit to speak about Protestantism in the United States, because I arrived only a few days ago, and they let Bishop Selw escape—the Protestant bishop whom I quoted and who, if I am rightly informed, arrived here not two days, or two years, but twenty years ago.

"But what is more important than all this, when I spoke about Protestantism being in decay I was speaking of Protestantism as a spiritual power—as a power capable of building up a spiritually, supernaturally-minded people, as a power capable of erecting a temple to God in the human soul. But the ministers say to me: 'Look at this great and glorious Republic. Have you seen its skyscrapers, its railroads, its bridges, its halls of commerce?'

"But I reply: 'Gentlemen, what proof is there in all this—that Protestantism is a living spiritual power?' Why, the deader it is as a spiritual power the more likely are all these material things to be accomplished. The deader it is the more awake are human ambitions and human energies and human

passions to go forward in the lines of material progress and to build mansions here on earth and make them scoff at mansions in heaven.

"The Presbyterian ministers fling down a challenge to me and ask me to show them a nation that Catholicism has built up commercially. That is not the question. Christ did not found his Church to be a chamber of commerce or an exchange in Wall Street. He drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple. But let me send a challenge to the ministers' association. I say to them: 'Show me a nation that Protestantism has built up spiritually, a nation where Protestantism has developed reverence for authority, where it has kept down the number of divorces and racial suicide.' When the Presbyterian ministers show me that Protestantism in the United States is a vital force in combating these evils and in building up respect and reverence for law and authority, I will take back what I said and I will ask Bishop Sewell to do the same.

"But before I take leave of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association and go back to my own country, where with my own eyes I can daily witness Protestantism, let me tell the association that there was a time when Italy, France, and Spain were great and prosperous nations and when the South American Republics, if not great, were at least happy nations, and this was at a time that in those countries the Catholic Church was free."

NO METHODIST DISTRESS IN IOWA

BISHOP HAMILTON, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is amused by a recent press dispatch sent out from Iowa to the effect that fifty-seven clergymen had resigned from the Upper Iowa Methodist Conference because they found they could not live on their salaries. He thinks the man who wrote the dispatch confused his religious column with a pickle advertisement. It seems that Bishop Hamilton presided over this particular conference, so he was in a pretty good position to know what happened, and he remarks: "Our preachers never get more than they deserve, but that men in this wealthy State of Iowa are quitting the ministry because they do not find enough to eat is a 'Boston notion.'" As the Bishop preached in Boston many years in his younger days, he is no doubt familiar with the notions he speaks of. The only basis he finds for the dispatch is the fact that there were more preachers than churches, so that many could not find places and were loaned to other denominations, a state of things just the contrary of what the dispatch would indicate. In a breezy and optimistic letter to *Zion's Herald* (Methodist, Boston) the Bishop writes:

"It has been said in my hearing many times when visiting Iowa, that there are as many Methodists in Iowa as there are communicants in all the other denominations taken together. I know that nearly one-twentieth of all the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church over the world are to be found in Iowa, and notwithstanding the nearly 'standstill' of the population because of Westward emigration, there is a gain in the State, after removals and deaths, of nearly a thousand members during the last year. There are nearly three thousand students in Methodist colleges.

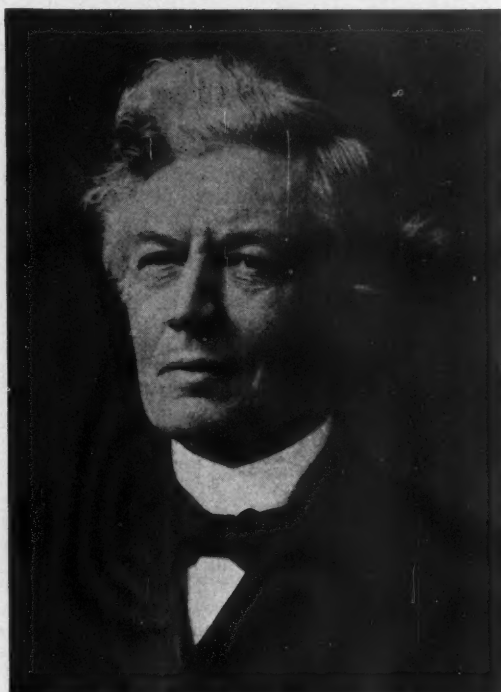
"There are more than one thousand Methodist preachers in the four annual conferences. When this conference adjourns I will have appointed nearly five hundred preachers to charges in the two conferences that I will have then held in the State.

"In the Des Moines Conference I found more preachers than there were churches, and I had to bring a half-dozen of them away with me in the hope of finding appointments for them in this conference. I found nearly or quite a dozen new men on the ground when I arrived here, seeking admission to this Upper Iowa Conference, and I shall not be able to find a single vacancy for one of the men who came with me; and this after we have consented to supply three or four of the other denominations which have sent to me in the two conferences for men to fill their vacant pulpits."

"The advertisement this 'bit of news' has given this conference has brought me enough applicants who wish to come to this 'poverty-stricken territory' and take the vacant places, to supply all the Methodist churches in Boston. I am appointing a number of young men who have graduated in the Boston School of Theology. I have yet to hear of one who is a 'quitter.'"

It still remains a fact, however, that clerical salaries are as a rule far below the mark thought worthy of this high calling. Testimony is borne to this by several Church papers, inspired by the Iowa press dispatch, which seems to have reflected conditions pretty much everywhere except in the spot it aimed to describe. *The Christian Guardian* (Toronto), for example, observes:

"A news dispatch, for the reliability of which we would not care to vouch, tells us that some fifty-seven Methodist preachers in one conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church have resigned, or are about to resign, on the plea that they can not live upon the salaries they receive. We do not know anything about the truthfulness of this story, but we do know that in all too many of our Canadian Methodist parsonages our preachers are



BISHOP JOHN W. HAMILTON,

Who says that the report that fifty-seven ministers resigned from the Iowa Conference brought him "enough applicants who wish to come to the 'poverty-stricken' territory to take the vacant places and supply all the Methodist churches in Boston."

altogether too near to the line where the expenditure exceeds the income. In such a case, what is an honest man to do?

"Most of our preachers have entered the ministry, as they believe, at the call of God. With them, as with St. Paul, it has been, 'Wo is me, if I preach not the gospel,' and in face of great discouragement, and in spite of all the lure of more profitable occupations, they have refused to quit the field in which they believe they have been placed by the divine Master himself. And in this belief they have been willing to endure hardness, they have been willing to wear poorer clothes and buy fewer books, humbly deeming that the Lord had called them to this very thing.

"And if they were now ministering to poor men, who could not afford to adequately support the gospel, or if they were toiling in a field where there were few Christians, and where the withdrawal of the minister would practically mean the wiping out of the church, the case would be vastly different.

"But when a man is ministering to a people, the majority of whom have more of this world's goods than he, and some of them vastly more; and when he knows that there are some hundreds of members, and among them perhaps a score who are well fitted by nature and grace to keep the church alive, and when he finds himself on such a field, unable to meet the proper claims upon him without going into debt, is it any wonder if he asks himself whether God really intends him to abide in such a calling?"

"MISERIFIC" CHURCH MUSIC

THE INVENTOR of the term "miserific" as applied to church music describes himself as "a musicianly minister." One scarcely goes astray in the meaning of his word, tho he provides against such a possibility by explaining that he means music "that produces misery in those who hear it." And that quality in church music which is described as the "tremolo" is declared the worst affliction of any which contributes to the discomfort of worshipers. This minister, who probably numbers himself among the sufferers, thinks to assist in banishing the bad habit, by telling how it originated "in senility." This he does, in *The Westminster* (Philadelphia), by quoting the authority of the great French singing master, Manuel Garcia, who regarded it "an abomination." The story is this:

"There was at one time an eminent vocalist worshiped by the Parisian public. His voice was beautiful in quality, faultless in intonation, and absolutely steady in emission. At last, however, he began to grow old. With increasing years the voice commenced to shake. But he was a great artist. Realizing that the tremolo was a fault, but one, which could not then be avoided, he brought his mind to bear upon the problem before him. As a result, he adopted a style of song in which he had to display an intense emotion throughout. Since in life the voice trembles at such moments, he was able to hide his failing in this way by a quality of voice which appeared natural to the situation. The Parisians did not grasp the workings of his brain and the clever way in which he had hidden his fault. They only heard that in every song he sang his voice trembled. At once, therefore, they concluded that if so fine an effect could be obtained, it was evidently something to be imitated. Hence the singers deliberately began to cultivate the tremolo. The custom grew and grew until it became almost a canon of French singing."

The writer proceeds with some observations, scientific and reminiscent, which state most of the case for and against this vocal eccentricity:

"The tremolo in an organ is pleasing and effective if there be not too much of it—which there often is. It is produced, not by steady air pressure, but by interrupted air pressure, or air waves passing from the bellows through the pipes. The sounds, however, are always 'on the key.' But the human bellows, the lungs, have not the mechanism to produce such air waves. Vocal tremolo is produced by muscular or nervous action, or both, in the larynx, shortening and lengthening the vocal cords, which change in length involves a constant change of key.

"Yet it must be confessed that in solo singing, where the sentiment of hymn or song seems to call for it, a slight trembling of voice, as expressive of emotion, is impressive and pleasing; but where it is done merely mechanically, in cold blood, and almost constantly, as is often now the case, it is far, very far, otherwise. But when a tremolo quartet gets in its work, each singer by a separate and constant change of key contributing to a conglomerate quadruplex discord—ah! that produces misery! Its effect upon one with aural delicacy is enough to cover this whole page with horrific exclamation-points.

"Some one has characterized tremolo singers as distressingly afflicted with ataxia of the vocal cords; another, as having a 'loose valve in the throat'; another, as belonging to 'the ague squad.'

"A recent visitor at *The Westminster* 'Open Hearth' expresses the feeling of not a few when he says: 'I was present at the church funeral of a good millionaire. They had a "crack" quartet and all four had the "wobbles"; and as they could not wobble in unison they wobbled independently. At no moment, after initial tones, were they all on the one key, and at every moment some of them were off the key. It was hair-raising; but it was a very Eiffel Tower of "high art," I suppose. I verily believe if I had been in that casket I would have been uncontrollably tempted to get out and throw at the singers something harder than the flowers on the coffin. Oh, it was just awful. And that kind of music is rendered, or rended, every Sunday, and more.'"

With the tremolo style of singing "goes a mal-enunciation of words that renders them unintelligible." Some one has phrased it, "inarticulate smudges of sound." More:

"St. Paul says, 'In the church I would rather speak five words with my understanding than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue'; and he puts singing with the spirit and the understanding in the same category with praying with the spirit and the understanding. Song words should be understandable no less than prayer words. Some one has recorded a singer's 'Ye nightly pi tehmy moving ten ta da ysmar chneare rome,' as a rendering of Montgomery's 'Yet nightly pitch my moving tent a day's march nearer home!'

"How much of solo and quartet—less of chorus—singing is in an unknown tongue! Singing evangelists—like Bliss, McGranahan, Sankey, Alexander, and others—have been such powerful coadjutors of the evangelistic preacher because of their musical elocution, the sentiments they have sung being comprehended as well as tho the words had been simply spoken, utterance being reinforced with the power of melody. And why should it not be so in all church singing?

"Recently hearing what is reputed to be the best quartet (tremolo) in a great city, scarcely could be discerned a word as belonging to the English language; and when the vigorous anthem was ended, there came to mind a scene in the experience of St. Paul at Ephesus: 'And when the uproar was ceased,' and also a couplet from Holmes's 'The Music-Grinders';

And silence, like a poultice came
To heal the blows of sound.

"Such an auricular assault made me miserable."

TEACHING CHILDREN THE OLD TESTAMENT

IF CHILDREN are to be taught anything concerning Old Testament history, the teacher need not worry himself and them by trying to make everything fit squarely with modern historical criticism. So speaks Sir Oliver Lodge in a little work named "Parent and Child," which is a treatise on the moral and religious education of children. In cases where historic verity is not of the essence of the matter, like incidents in the lives of Noah, Daniel, and Job, it is better, he thinks, that they be presented as history. If for a time children "take unquestioningly as history narratives which belong to a different category, no harm is done." The youth of the race doubtless did the same, and Professor Lodge thinks that "evolutionally children should in such matters go through the phases of the past, and their course need not be hurried." He writes:

"To confuse them with rationalistic interpretation and criticism, to superpose modern explanatory conceptions on the plain tale of a mythology, at least to insist on such explanations prematurely, may be iconoclastic and rather stupid. There is plenty of the only truth of value in ancient and long-surviving legends—else they would not have survived.

"The histories of the Creation and the Fall of Man, properly understood, are legends of profound truth—truth to human nature—and it is only a shallow sciolism that has tried to place them in the region of things that must be questioned. Works of art are not to be scrutinized in terms of a rigid literalness; in these matters it is preeminently true that the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life. The whole truth in such matters is far beyond us, even yet. We are still developing, still only in the morning of the times. Read in the light of evolution, and with a developed historical sense, the literature of the growth of humanity toward a worthy conception of Deity—a conception always growing but still infinitely and forever below reality—the record of its early struggles and mistakes and well-meant gropings after truth, especially the history of the religious development of that people whose instinct for religion blossomed and bore fruit even in the darkest ages of mankind, is full of interest and instruction. Read as an infallible theological treatise concerning the varying ways of God to man—it is confusing, puzzling, and immoral. Read as a history of the developing response of man to God—its misconceptions are pathetic, its inspirations are sublime. Here we have utterances of the wise and illuminated among mankind, embedded in a most human document, and preserved for us in splendid language by the devoted labors of scholars of many periods; a rich inheritance which we owe to the loving care of our fathers, and which it is our duty to hand down to our children as a birthright of which no trivial bickerings, no sectarian differences and illiteracy, should be allowed to deprive them."



MAETERLINCK'S "BLUEBIRD"

"THE BLUEBIRD," after winging its flight from Paris to St. Petersburg, from thence to London, has now alighted in New York. It sprung from the brain of Maurice Maeterlinck, but did not pause to show itself to the French people—perhaps because people of Southern climes take less kindly to fantasy than those of more Northern countries. By this token the play should succeed at the New Theater, where it forms the first offering of the second dramatic season. At St. Petersburg its success is said to have been enormous and not less than thirty-nine companies are now playing it in Russia; in London it ran six months. With our own critics it is apparently succeeding according to their personal temperaments and previous degrees of "reading up" in the French and English versions of Maeterlinck's drama, which have long been published. The same sort of make-believe spirit is called upon as happens with "Peter Pan" and other fairy plays, and critics in such instances are given less their own way in settling the destinies of plays than in the routine sort that fill our theaters ordinarily. The critic of the *New York Evening Post* remarks that "at a period when the stage is almost wholly surrendered to inane trivialities, maudlin, foolish, or indecent sentiment, mechanical melodrama, and other forms of tiresome incompetency, the New Theater presents a work which both young and old can find rare entertainment, without fear of contamination or loss of self-respect." Here is the story in briefest form from the same writer:

"Nearly everybody knows, by this time, how *Tyltyl* and *Mytyl*, the wood-cutter's children, fell asleep and how, in their dreams, they were sent to search for the bluebird—which is the symbol of happiness—by the fairy *Berylune*; how they held the magic diamond which enabled them to recognize and converse with the souls of things, and how with *Tylo* the dog, *Tylette* the cat, *Light*, *Bread*, *Fire*, *Milk*, and *Water* for their companions, they made their memorable pilgrimage. The mere enumeration of their adventures would be tedious—while a description of them would be equivalent to a reprint of the play. In a visit to their departed grandparents they discover that the dead still live in the memory of their survivors; from *Night* they learn that *Light* (typifying intelligence) is the bitter foe and conqueror of all superstitions and diseases, and that most of the happiness, fed on moonbeams, will not bear the light of day. When they train the magic diamond upon the churchyard, they discover that the graves are empty, and that the dust of their occupants has been transmuted into flowers. In the Kingdom of the Future they hold converse with the spirits of the children yet to be born, and are told how each of them has his own appointed destiny and is subject to the irrevocable will of *Life* and *Time*. As a fruit of their general experience, they learn that happiness is everywhere, if you know how to look for it. that it may be found and lost and then recaptured, and that

it consists mainly in the application of the Golden Rule. Those who probe the Maeterlinckian philosophy too deeply will find it rather gloomy in its fatalistic spirit and its blank outlook, but most theatergoers, while under the spell of his poetic fancy, will not trouble themselves greatly on this score."

There is an assumption in nearly every account that those who do not see the play will read it. The latter will of course not be among the "stuffy people" of whom Mr. Warren, of the *New York Tribune*, speaks:

"There are some stuffy persons who will need to have the symbolism of 'The Bluebird' explained to them; they will need to be told that *Tyltyl* and *Mytyl* typify the soul of man searching the universe for the answer to the great enigma of life; that there is soul in everything, and that possession, which man regards as the guaranty of happiness, always disappoints him; that Life isn't at all what we think it, nor Death; and that—but why go into all this? You don't belong to the stuffy people. Besides, you can read Maeterlinck's 'Bluebird.'"

As a production this achievement of the New Theater receives mingled praise and blame. At any other place it would be thought most notable, but at this house high standards are set and higher accomplishment demanded.

And, besides, it had shown last year what could be done with a Maeterlinck play in its production of "Sister Beatrice." The *Sun* critic was not greatly disappointed, however, as this shows:

"This allegory was a continuous delight to the eye. In the colors selected in the designs of the scenery and, save in the very painted field of lilies in the graveyard, there had been complete accomplishment of what the producers had aimed at. In the acting there was the same degree of successful achievement of ideals that had been set very high. So the visual features of the performers lacked no element that could have improved them. But to the ear there was no such opportunity for pleasure. It would of course take a poet almost as great as Maeterlinck to transfer the beauty of his speeches to the English text. It was quite unpoetic. There was never a suggestion of anything beyond the commonplace in a line that was recited. Simplicity is one thing, and in translating Maeterlinck it is a very important element of justice to the original. But it is not necessary to be commonplace as well, or at all events commonplace all the time. The beautiful optimism of the scene in the graveyard could not be damaged by any speech and there was equal charm in the simplicity of the visit to the grandparents in which they all spoke the childish idiom that they might have used in life. Maeterlinck's irresistible blend of wisdom, tenderness, and fancy was never more adroitly presented than in the conversations between the characters in the piece. That it is sublimated fairy-tale and that two hours and a half of any kind of fairy-tale offer their difficulties at this time can not be denied. And that something more like the beauty of the original verse would be a mighty assistance to 'The Bluebird' can not be denied. Yet the play exercised a potent charm over the audience last night that seemed at times rather astonished that it was sitting in a theater, absorbed in nearly all of the



MYTYL, TYLTYL AND THE FAIRY BERYLUNE

The two children who were sent by the old fairy wife in search of the bluebird. A scene in Maeterlinck's play at the New Theater.

beautifully presented scenes that it witnessed, yet not feeling a trace of drama to quicken the pulse or cause any emotion beyond a certain pathos and fascination in the poetic fancies of the man who had put so much wisdom and philosophy into such very simple figures."

MRS. ATHERTON'S TONIC FOR YOUNG WRITERS

A SUBSTITUTE for the early pension, subsidy, or soft seat at the foot of the ladder of the immortals projected recently in behalf of aspiring writers, Mrs. Atherton proposes something tonic. Her advice "to any man or woman designing to enrich literature with the fruits of his or her genius" is this: "Work on a newspaper, until all your crude notions of life, and your raw 'individualities' have been blue-penciled into limbo; then retire into the obscurity and write your fiction." There are a few additional do's and don'ts that may be taken as ballast by the way. "Travel if possible.

wrote the book every time it came back, and dreamed during the intervals) if I had been on a newspaper, reporting; in other words, seeing life from the ground up. And this is the advice I would give to any young man or woman desirous of literary fame, or of mere success: get a position on a newspaper as a reporter and keep it for at least one year, preferably for two years. You will touch life at every point; see it, feel it, know it in a hundred phases, at first hand. (Don't disdain the police and the juvenile courts.) I believe that the greatest literary genius that ever lived would have been much better for such an experience, and how much more so the young aspirant, with a talent still in the bulb and a redundant style—which the ruthless city editor will prune into one direct, incisive, and compelling. No one need be afraid of losing 'individuality.' Individuality is never lost.

"If, during those years of journalism, the seething fledgling will save half his salary, he can then afford to spend a whole year in some comfortable farmhouse putting his dreams into a far better shape and with far less effort than his rival, the green recruit; who, if he has a story to tell, thinks that any medium, no matter how foggy or ill-shaped, will do. He may not be very comfortable or otherwise entertained during that year, but literature does not require any more self-denial in the beginning than any other art, any profession, or picking one's way along the bristling road that leads to commerce or finance."

Mrs. Atherton does not believe that any potential author will starve for lack of opportunity, for she does not believe "that the man with a clever pen lives who will fail to get on a newspaper if he tries." And—

"If he does get on and fails to make good, then he is well out of the race, and can turn his attention to other methods of livelihood while still young. There is no such machine in the modern world for separating wheat from chaff as a high-class newspaper office. I am, of course, writing of embryonic story-writers and novelists, not of poets. These often have strange waste tracts in their brains, are temperaments rather than men, and need careful nursing. I could mention a number of our young poets who are practical editors as

but the history of literature teaches us that a great many poets have been failures as men.

"And this is the point: Mr. Sinclair's plan presupposes that authors are writers first and men afterward, which is detestable. Perhaps, being a woman, I feel more strongly on this point than a man would. I hate a man who whines, who confesses his fear of being driven to the wall, who fails. I do not believe that there is any man, in this country at least, who can not get work if he wants it; in other words, if he is not lazy or weak. Men who do not loaf and drink are wanted in every business, and nowhere more than in a newspaper office. Men are rising every day from the ranks; the incapable are being pushed closer and closer to the wall, then down into the ditch at the foot of it. And that is as inevitable as death itself. Given Socialism and they would go there a little later and with a hearty kick from the energetic philanthropists in front. Life, from birth to death, is a fight, and only the lazy and incompetent would have it otherwise.

"As to the general public, the American public, it may be that its average of intelligence is not very high; so, at least, we judge by the sort of novels that are 'best sellers.' . . . But there is another public besides the average in the United States—a highly intelligent, cultivated, traveled, sophisticated public, which is sufficiently large to give fame and a fair income to any ambitious writer capable of doing fine original work."



IN THE LAND OF MEMORY.

The children seeking the bluebird visit their grandparents in this wonderful land, where "people wake up and go about their own affairs whenever you take the trouble to think of them." "Nobody in that land knows what 'dead' means." It's only a word invented by people who are stupid and sightless

Do not marry. Do not dissipate. Do not imitate Henry James. Never read reviews of your own work. Never say die!"

All this, tho it comes somewhat late, is really in pursuit of the proposition enunciated by Mr. Upton Sinclair which we quoted some time since, which proposes to endow young authors of exceptional promise during the lean years of their novitiate. His scheme, Mrs. Atherton thinks, is worth serious consideration, not because she approves it, but because, "there being some danger of its success, every writer of experience should express a decided opinion on the subject." In a letter to *The New York Times Saturday Review of Books*, she writes in this vein:

"I am a firm believer myself in a hard school, in the survival of the fit. I was four years getting my first novel published, and I now know that it was not worth print and paper, being merely the usual enthusiastic product of raw talent; but at that time I thought it a great book, publishers incredibly stupid, and myself too far in advance of modern ideas to be appreciated. If you will confess any young author whose first book is going the rounds, or whose stories are being rejected by the magazines, ten to one you will listen to similar beliefs. I should have been much better employed during those four years (I re-

PARTHIAN SHOTS AT PRERAFFAELITE POETS

STEPHEN CRANE is reported to have said that R. L. Stevenson "put back the clock of English fiction fifty years." Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who tells us this, is not quite ready to join in this startling judgment, but taking a cue from its spirit, he follows up with the assertion that "the art of writing in English received the numbing blow of a sand-bag when Rossetti wrote at the age of eighteen 'The Blessed Damozel.'" Both these declarations spring from the belief that the evil these men did, Stevenson and Rossetti, "was a matter of digging for obsolete words with which to express ideas forever dead and gone." Rossetti, in this instance, stands in Mr. Hueffer's mind only as a symbol for the whole Preraffaelite school, whom he treats in a very cavalier fashion in the October *Harper's*. Nourished in their very bosom, his grandfather being the painter Ford Madox Brown, who with Holman Hunt and Millais formed the original P.-R. B., he need not stand for the traditional viper; but he seems to have no illusions due to relationship and propinquity. There is something in his words oddly in the current of present-day criticism of the painters of this group, now that the death of Holman Hunt has called them back to notice. Mr. Hueffer remarks that while these Preraffaelite poets "took themselves with such extreme seriousness"—

"Nevertheless, I have always fancied that to my mind they are responsible for the death of English poetry. My father once wrote of Rossetti that he put down the thoughts of Dante in the language of Shakespeare, and the words seem to me to be extremely true and extremely damning. For what is wanted of a poet is that he should express his own thoughts in the language of his own time. This the Preraffaelite poets never thought of, with perhaps the solitary exception of Christina Rossetti."

Mr. Hueffer rails at these poets because they lived in Bloomsbury and wrote about "the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, about music and moonlight." Now, poets live in the country and the Bloomsbury section of London has come to be known as the "American quarter." Perhaps because Americans are still sentimental enough to like poetry, and the historic haunts of poets. Mr. Hueffer pictures the poets as living amid the "gloom and horror" of this district and writing "bravely of Lancelot and Guinevere, Merlin and Vivian, ballads of staff and scrip, of music and moonlight." His principal grievance is that "they did not, . . . much look at the life that was around them"; but that "in amid the glooms they built immaterial pleasure-houses." They were not brave enough, he adds; "that, I suppose, is why they are very few of them remembered and few of them great." He goes on:

"I have, however, very little sense of proportion in this particular matter. There were Philip Bourke Marston, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, 'B. V.,' Theodore Marzials, Gordon Hake, Christina Rossetti, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Hall Caine, Oliver Madox Brown, Mr. Watts Dunton, Mr. Swinburne, D. G. Rossetti, Robert Browning! . . . All these names have been exceedingly familiar to my mouth and ears ever since I could speak or hear. In their own day each of them was a great and serious fact. For there was a time—yes, really there was a time!—when the publication of a volume of poems was still an event—an event making great names, and fortunes not merely mediocre. I do not mean to say that in the seventies and eighties carriages still blocked Albemarle Street, but if Mr. O'Shaughnessy was understood to be putting the finishing touches to the proof-sheets of his next volume there arose an immense excitement among all the other poets and all the Preraffaelite Circle and all the outsiders connected with the Circle and all the friends of all the outsiders. What the book was going to be like was discussed eagerly. So and so was understood to have seen the proof-sheets, and what *The Athenæum* would say, or what *The Athenæum* did say, excited all the circumjacent authors quite as much as nowadays the winning of the

Derby by a horse belonging to his Majesty the King. Nowadays all these things are most extraordinarily changed. Small volumes of poems descend upon one's head in an unceasing shower. They come so quick that one can not even imagine that the authors have time themselves to read the proof-sheets. How much less, then, their friends! But as for fame or fortune!"

Mr. Hueffer indulges himself in several anecdotes at the expense of the Preraffaelites. Doubtless they were fair game, but one relating to Miss Mathilde Blind brings him in also for part of the honors. Miss Blind was descended from a distinguished Prussian family of revolutionists, and was adopted by Madox Brown, grandfather of this writer who thus relates:

"I would be sitting in my little study intent either upon my writing or my school tasks, when ominous sounds would be heard at the door. Miss Blind, with her magnificent aquiline features and fine gray hair, would enter with ominous and alarming slip proofs dangling from both her hands. 'Fordie,'



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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

'The only one of the Preraffaelite poets, says Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, "to express her own thoughts in the language of her own time." Others "did not much look at the life around them."

she would say, 'I want a synonym for "dun." On page 152 of her then volume of poems she would have written of dun cows standing in green streams. She was then correcting the proofs of page 154, to find that she had spoken of the dun cows returning homeward over the leas. Some other adjective would have to be found for this useful quadruped. Then my bad quarter of an hour would commence. I would suggest 'strawberry-colored,' and she would say that that would not fit the meter. I would try 'roan,' but she would say that that would spoil the phonetic syzygy. I did not know what that was, but I would next suggest 'heifers,' whereupon she would say that heifers did not give milk, and that, anyhow, the accentuation was wrong. I would be reduced to a miserable muteness; Miss Blind, in any case, frightened me out of my life. And rising up and gathering her proof-sheets together, the poetess, with her Medusa head, would regard me with indignant and piercing brown eyes. 'Fordie,' she would say, with an awful scrutiny, 'your grandfather says you are a genius, but I have never been able to discover in you any signs but those of your being as stupid as a donkey.' I never

could escape from being likened to that other useful quadruped."

One of the less known of the Preraffaelites, Theodore Marzials, published a volume of poems called "A Gallery of Pigeons." We read that it "contains verse of a lyrical and polished sort that, as far as my predilections serve, seems to me to be much the most exquisite that was produced by any one of the Preraffaelite poets." He gives us these specimens:

She was only a woman, famish'd for loving,
Mad with devotion, and such slight things;
And he was a very great musician,
And used to finger his fiddle-strings.

Her heart's sweet gamut is cracking and breaking
For a look, for a touch,—for such slight things;
But he's such a very great musician,
Grimacing and fing'ring his fiddle-strings.

In the warm wax-light one lounged at the spinet,
And high in the window came peeping the moon;
At his side was a bowl of blue china, and in it
Were large blush-roses, and cream and maroon.

They crowded, and strain'd, and swoon'd to the music,
And some to the gilt board languor'd and lay;
They open'd and breathed, and trembled with pleasure,
And all the sweet while they were fading away.

"And here is a third little poem by Marzials, which I quote because it is headed simply 'Chelsea':

And life is like a pipe,
And love is the fusee;
The pipe draws well, but bar the light
And what's the use to me?

So light it up, and puff away
An empty morning through,
And when it's out—why, love is out,
And life's as well out too!

"But I do not know whether this was suggested by Rossetti or Carlyle."

HOW TO RECITE POETRY

PEOPLE may not care so much for the public recitation of poetry as they did a few decades ago; but it is surely an art they would not willingly let die. London and New York each has a "Poetry Society," constituted to look after the interests of this much-neglected muse; and in London they seem to be giving some attention to the proper rendering of verse as well as to the production of it. Mr. Forbes Robertson, one of the best "readers" on the English stage to-day, after recently hearing some of the members of the English Poetry Society read and recite poetry, advised them to refrain from gesticulation, which, he said, was out of place in readings or recitations of poetry. The London *Times* finds it "pleasant to find an actor insisting upon this fact, for the influence of the stage upon the delivery of poetry has often been disastrous." There is more admonition in what follows:

"Actors are apt to be too dramatic even when they deliver blank verse on the stage. Sometimes, indeed, they tear the rhythm to tatters, as if they thought the author wrote verse only by mistake, and they were doing him a kindness by turning it into prose. This is bad enough; but the dramatic delivery of poetry that is not dramatic is far more distressing. Many reciters seem to be ignorant of the fact that rhythm, in all poetry that is worth reciting, is a means of expression; indeed, that rhythm and sense are so closely connected that the one can not be understood without the other. Spoil the rhythm and you spoil the sense; misunderstand the sense and you will mar the rhythm. In fact, good verse is said wrongly if it is not said rhythmically; and any dramatic airs and graces which break the rhythm, or even distract the hearer's attention from it, are not merely superfluous, but mischievous. A reciter of poetry ought no more to gesticulate than a violinist ought to wave his bow about in the middle of his performance. Music, in the one case, and words, in the other, are the only proper means of expression; and in good poetry there is even less occasion for displays of virtuosity than in good music. A reciter's first aim should be to understand thoroughly the poem

which he proposes to recite; not merely the sense of it, but also the quality of its emotion; for he can not understand the one without understanding the other. And he can not understand either unless he is aware of the expressive function of meter and rhythm.

"We say meter and rhythm, because rhythm is necessary to preserve meter from mere sing-song. It is the peculiar character of each line, expressive of its peculiar sense and emotion, which is imposed upon the general pattern of the meter. A familiar instance is to be found in the line—

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit—

Here a reader who does not give careful attention to the sense will adhere to the strict metrical pattern, lay no stress on the word *first*, and spoil both the rhythm and the meaning of the verse. In all good poetry there are such delicate varieties of rhythm; and the reader or reciter, if he searches for these and uses them as means of expression, will find that there is no room in his art for dramatic effects. He must know how to manage his voice, of course, so that his audience may not be troubled by its defects."

One bit of Mr. Forbes Robertson's advice is taken as offering possible "dangers" to readers who do not understand the importance of phrasing. For example:

"He laid great stress, we are told, upon the beauty in the mere sound of many words, apart from their position in a line or phrase. Therefore, he said, it behooved reciters to be very careful to give out the entire preciousness of the sound of such words. Now it is perfectly true that some words are more beautiful in sound than others, altho it is very difficult to dissociate sound from meaning. But beauty of rhythm is in all good poetry far more important than the beauty of particular words; and, the better the poetry, the more difficult it is to dissociate their beauty from their meaning or from their position in a line or phrase. There are many poems, popular with reciters, in which great stress is laid upon a single word often repeated. Poe's 'Raven' is an example, with its *Never more*. But these are seldom good poems, and the methods of delivery which they suggest should not be applied to good poems."

Rime is the element of poetry probably most sinned against of all. It is often treated as if a special effort were made to conceal it altogether, and thus reduce verse to its nearest sound equivalent with prose. The *Times* observes:

"Poets would scarcely use rimes if they did not mean them to be heard; and it is said that many good poets, in reading their own poetry, are apt to lay great stress on the rimes, as on the rhythm. Certainly a reciter should not be afraid of rimes. Where a riming word is important in sound or sense he should sound it boldly; and even when the sense runs over without a break into the next line he should not be too anxious to insist upon its continuity. For in poetry lines are facts that are not meant to be ignored. Indeed, rimes are there to emphasize them. But the good poet usually shows, by the use of strong or weak rimes, how far he means them to be strest. In the 'Ancient Mariner,' for instance, which is a model in all the formal excellences of poetry, it is quite clear that the rimes are meant to be strest in the verse:

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"For here the rime-words are both important in sense and strong in sound. On the other hand, the rimes should be softly sounded in the verse:

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the earth and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"For, apart from the weakness and imperfection of the rime sounds, the rhythm would be spoiled by any emphasis on the last words of the lines. In fact, rime is a part of meter and, with meter, is always subject to rhythm. Understand the rhythm of a poem and you will know how to treat its rimes. The more expressive a poem is, the more it is swayed by rhythm; and the good reciter will allow his voice to be swayed by rhythm as if he were thinking aloud and rhythm were the natural expression of his own thought."



A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS



Baker, Etta Anthony. Frolics at Fairmount. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 408. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50 net.

Barnum, Madalene D. Selected for Home and School Entertainments. Harper's Book of Little Plays. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe, John Kendrick Bangs, Caroline A. Creevey, Margaret E. Sangster, and Others. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 141. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.

Bierce, Ambrose. The Collected Works of. Vol. I. Frontispiece. 8vo, pp. 402. New York: Neale Publishing Co. \$2.50.

Brown, Demetra Kenneth. Finella in Fairyland. 16mo, pp. 37. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cents net.

Burgess, Thornton W. Old Mother West Wind. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 169. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Burnham, Clara Louise. Clever Betsy. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 401. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Burton, Charles Pierce. The Bob's Hill Braves. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 311. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Caravaners. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 389. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Chambers, Julius. The Mississippi River and Its Wonderful Valley. Royal 8vo, 300 pp. Decorated cloth. 80 illustrations and maps. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This handsome volume, the latest addition to the Putnam's "Water Ways Series," is at times disappointing in its contents, since the writer so often obscures his subject by his personality. In 1872 Mr. Chambers, then the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, was struck by the inexactness of knowledge concerning the precise source of the Mississippi, and suddenly resolved to see the place for himself. His discovery of a still higher lake than Itasca and the marshy inlets feeding it, give him the credit of having been the first to find the ultimate springs whence the great river starts to the sea; but the personal narrative of this trip and of his subsequent canoe and steamboat voyages down to the gulf takes up far too much space. The compilations of river history and statistics which form the last half of the volume are in most parts dull and perfunctory; but the many and singularly beautiful illustrations which accompany them are of permanent value. The most interesting and worthy part of the volume is the review of the history of early exploration, chiefly French, of the region about the sources of the Mississippi. Some of the material has been compiled from sources, such as the Radisson papers, which are accessible to few readers away from great libraries; and if the work will bear scholarly criticism this historical review will be of great service.

Chubb, Edwin Watts. Stories of Authors. Illustrated. Pp. 369. 1910. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

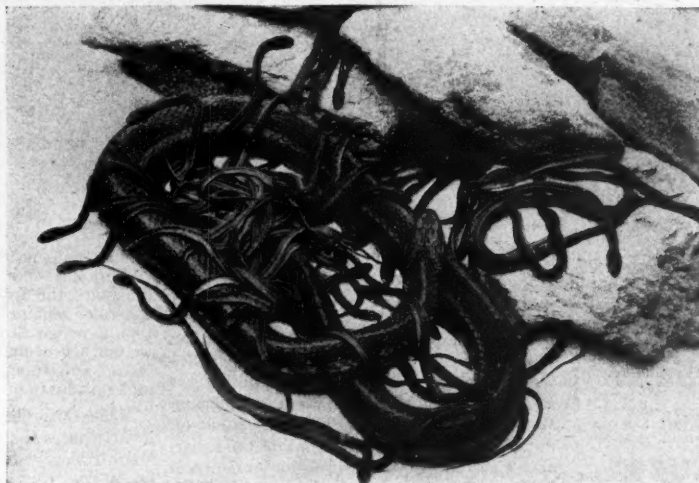
The purpose of the author is to "help in making literature and the makers of literature alive and interesting." This statement prefaces Professor Chubb's "Stories." It is refreshing to find a scholar who sees and acknowledges the value of the trivial in great men's lives. In seventy-one chapters he

gives sketches of almost as many authors, English and American, men and women—not life histories, complete from birth to death, but little sketches of a personal character dealing often with intimate home life; sometimes personal reminiscences, sometimes others culled from magazine articles or the letters of friends. We wander pleasantly from Chaucer to our beloved Eugene Field, gaining an insight into many lives of international importance, and learning eagerly one writer's estimate of another; as Le Gallienne said of Kipling: "As a writer Mr. Kipling is a delight, as an influence a danger." We read of Scott's heroism, Dr.

crocodiles and alligators; the third of lizards, and the fourth of snakes, the snakes being grouped first as non-venomous, second as venomous. The illustrations, very numerous and striking, have been made from photographs taken by the author. They are in general of high interest and excellence.

Dobson, G. St. Petersburg, painted by F. De Haenan. Pp. 158. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1910. \$2.75 net.

This author aims at giving as complete an account of the Russian capital as possible, including a history of the origin of St. Petersburg, an explanation of the political ideas connected with it, a critical description of the present city, and sketches of the life and types of its inhabitants. The book is made up mostly of historical descriptions and its beautiful illustrations, both in black and white and in color, together with its large clear type and broad margins, make it most attractive. Mr. Dobson comments on the isolated location of the great capital and gives a comprehensive account of the creative and formative influence of Peter the Great in building such a city after his final victory over the Swedes. His strongest criticism is against the sanitation, which until very recently has been "scandalously unhealthy." Education will be the keynote of betterment and progress and even now Russia is



From Ditmars's "Reptiles of the World."

COMMON GARTER SNAKE AND HER LITTER.

The garter snake is the most abundant serpent in the United States, "Stubbornly defying extinction, even in the large city parks," says Raymond L. Ditmars, "and bringing forth exceptionally large broods of young."

Johnson's excessive tea-drinking, the Brownings' runaway match, and many apparently unimportant details, but they linger in the memory and stimulate us to seek further information. Thackeray's letters from America might almost describe the present New York, "The houses are always being torn down and built up again." Professor Chubb has taken a novel point of view.

Cox, John Harrington. Knighthood in Germ and Flower. The Anglo-Saxon Epic, Beowulf, and the Arthurian Tale, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. Translated from Original Sources and Adapted for Use in the Home, the School, and Pupils' Reading Circles. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 187. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Ditmars, Raymond L. Reptiles of the World. Tortoises and Turtles, Crocodilians, Lizards, and Snakes of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. With a frontispiece in color and nearly 200 illustrations from photographs taken by the author. Octavo, pp. 374. New York: Sturgis & Walton. \$5.

Mr. Ditmars is the curator of reptiles and the assistant curator of mammals in the New York Zoological Park. He has long been known among scientific men as a special authority on the subject of which he treats in this book where his aim has been "to give in a popular manner a general survey of the reptiles of the world." While he has sought to reach the common mind and to make the book interesting, he has endeavored everywhere to make his work accord with the latest results of scientific study. The volume is divided into four parts; the first of which treats of turtles and tortoises; the second of

"hurrying up" in many ways.

Ellis, Katharine Ruth. The Wide-Awake Girls at College. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 294. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Godfrey, Hollis. Jack Collerton's Engine. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 285. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Gould, F. J. The Children's Plutarch (Roman). Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 171. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents net.

Gulick, Luther H. The Healthful Art of Dancing. 12mo, pp. 275. Cloth. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.40 net.

Dr. Gulick has been the leading spirit in the movement for physical culture as a required part of public-school training, and for the encouragement of systematic athletics among the younger children, especially in cities. He believes in exercise as a corrective of evils due to long daily sitting at school or at work; but knows that if exercise is to be healthful it must be interesting. The most enjoyable exercise, which is suitable for young and old, and may be well controlled yet be not too formal, is dancing, the instinctive response to the natural rhythms of nature and life. For this purpose nothing is so good as the folk-dance.

America has no such thing, for it has no peasant-past. But from all the "old countries" of the globe are coming people who bring with them a knowledge of and love for these symbolic dances of their village childhood. In the new unsympathetic atmosphere of America they are abandoned and forgotten, and so a great heritage of joy will

be lost unless some pains are taken to preserve them for the little ones while utilizing them as a beneficial and educational form of recreation. This is why an association has been laboring to revive and encourage folk-dancing in school and out; and it is not wonderful that it has met with remarkable success when one reads Dr. Gulick's account of what has been accomplished, and looks at his dozens of charming photographs of the young dancers. The book "aims to interpret the movement, to show that which is good and why it is good, and to indicate for the purpose of introducing this element into American life practical measures." Every person interested in child-education ought to study it.

Harris, Joel Chandler. Little Mr. Thimblefinger Stories. 16mo, pp. 164. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 40 cents.

Henry, O. Whirligigs. 12mo, pp. 313. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.

Herford, Oliver, and Clay, John Cecil. Compiled for Daniel Cupid. Cupid's Cyclopaedia. Illustrated. 16mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Hollander, Bernard. Hypnotism and Suggestion in Daily Life, Education, and Medical Practice. 12mo, pp. 295. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Hughes, Rupert. The Lakerim Cruise. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 248. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

Hurlbut, Jesse Lyman. Organizing and Building up the Sunday School. 12mo, pp. 152. New York: Eaton & Mains. 65 cents net.

Jefferson, Charles E. The Building of the Church. 12mo, pp. 306. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Jones, Amanda T. A Psychic Autobiography. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 455. New York: Greaves Publishing Co. \$2 net.

Kirkland, Winifred. The Home-Comers. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 326. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.20 net.

Klein, David. Literary Criticism from the Elizabethan Dramatists. Repertory and Syn-

thesis. 12mo, pp. 257. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50 net.

Knipe, Alden Arthur. Captain of the Eleven. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 269. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Knipe, Emilie Benson, and Alden, Arthur. The Red Magic Book. 12mo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Kuhns, Oscar. The Love of Books and Reading. 12mo, pp. 158. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Lathbury, D. C. [Edited by]. Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart

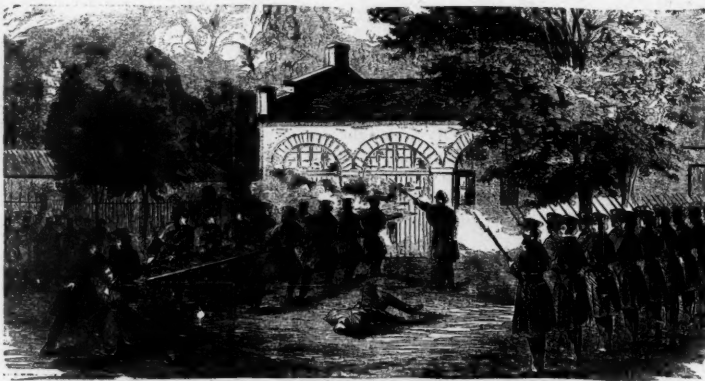
read the Sunday sermons of the day. But as a statesman he was bound to consider the Church of England as part of the State and to discuss the merits of this arrangement and the need of reforming it. In the early days of Gladstone the University of Oxford was merely an appendage to the Church of England, and none could be matriculated without signing allegiance to the Thirty-nine Articles. Yet speaking of the condition of Oxford in 1829 he writes:

"The state of religion in Oxford is the most painful spectacle it ever fell to my lot to behold. Here is a seminary for furnishing with ministers, a reformed and Apostolic Church. It bears openly and almost boastfully the title of 'a place more immediately dedicated to God's honor and service.' It has means placed at its command fully adequate to the ends which it professes to seek. The wealth is abundant, its learning gigantic, its reputation splendid; there is no spiritual, no

intellectual, no physical advantage which Oxford does not seem to possess. Where, then, are the fruits? . . . Here irreligion is the rule, religion the exception. Why is it that if we go throughout the whole country we find the ordinary personification of a wild scamp and thoughtless profligate to be the undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge?"

While Mr. Gladstone was no Tractarian he attributes the raising of the moral tone in Oxford largely to the influence of the leaders of the Oxford movement, and particularly to John Henry Newman's four o'clock sermons. Of his views on University Reform, we have here a very full account in these letters. Oxford has since then been reformed, and these letters retain now only a remote historic interest excepting in evidencing the deep seriousness, thorough study of detail, and enthusiasm with which he plunged into any question concerning church education.

With regard to the disestablishment of the
(Continued on page 652.)



From Villard's "John Brown."

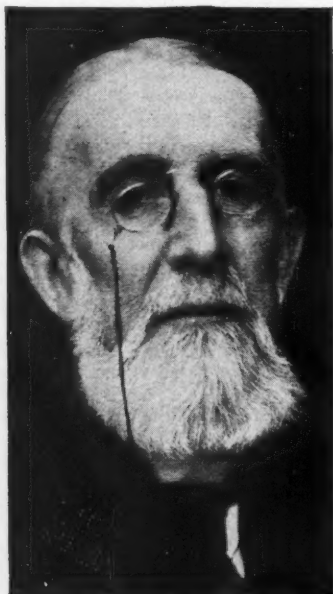
STORMING OF THE ENGINE-HOUSE AT HARPER'S FERRY.

Gladstone. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 446-470. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5 net.

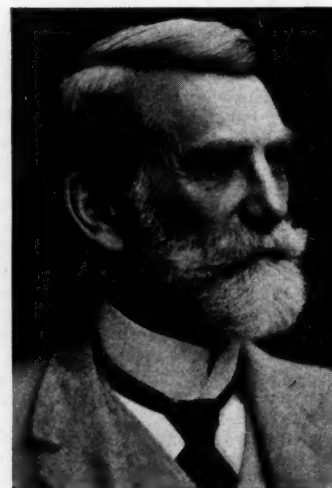
In his fine life of Gladstone, Lord Morley has dwelt only incidentally on the ecclesiastical and devotional side of his character. He has traced the Tory of the early nineteenth century who began by opposing the Reform Bill and afterward became an enthusiastic Peelite on through his political career, until he developed into a liberal of the Liberals, disestablishing the Irish Church and landing at last in desperate espousal of the Irish Home Rule party. He went down with the defeat of that party like a captain folding his arms as his ship is engulfed in the waves. In the present work we see Gladstone from within, neither as haranguing at the hustings, demolishing the budget of the Beaconsfield ministry in Parliament, electrifying the electors of Midlothian, or thundering against the Turkish oppressors of Bulgaria or Armenia. We see him as the ecclesiastic and the devotee. We use the term ecclesiastic advisedly. For Gladstone was a man deeply imbued with a sense of the church's authority. Narrow as his view of ecclesiasticism was, it was intense and profound.

The church of England, the Prayer-book, the Authorized Version of the Bible comprized for him everything essential to religious illumination; anything like the broader criticism which is now applied to the ancient monuments of the faith, he loathed and would have echoed that prayer of the pious Evangelical rector, who wished that "the books of recent German critics, with their author, might be sunk in the German ocean."

It is not, however, as a theologian or an ecclesiastic that Gladstone presents his most attractive side in these letters. Somebody at one time asserted that the Church of England had lost a good bishop when he went into politics. But if it lost a bishop, it always retained a faithful devoted son. Indeed, the whole house of Gladstone was a domesticated church of England. Thence his sympathies widened out to the parish church at Hawarden in which he loved to



ANDREW DICKSON WHITE,
Whose "Seven Great Statesmen" is noticed
on a later page.



JOSIAH STRONG,
Who has recently published "My Religion in
Every Day Life."



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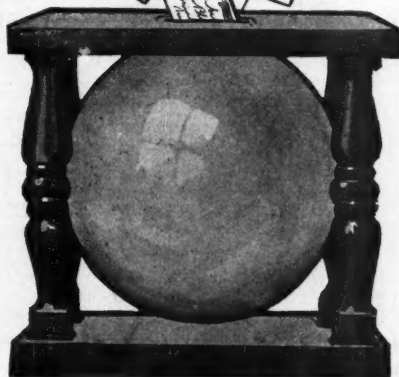
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A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from 650)

Church of England, it was a burning question in the eighties, and it is a burning question still. Gladstone had disestablished the Irish Church, and the conclusion in many minds was that he would favor a like treatment of the English Church. But on this point he very characteristically hedged and vacillated. Ofttimes his character as a devout churchman and a statesman made many people turn to him as an oracle. On this point the oracle was dumb. "I have neither shared in nor assented to any attack upon the church," he wrote in 1885 to R. Bosworth Smith, who had asked for his views. "It is not by the Liberal, nor even the Radical portion of the Liberals that the great question of English Disestablishment is at this moment prest forward. It is prest forward by the Tories."

Of course Gladstone was at this time a Liberal, and he was reproached by Lord Shaftesbury with making a speech in the House of Commons to "a bill which cut up by the roots all our national homage to God, which is the meaning of Disestablishment." "You did not give that high tone to your speech, which I had expected from you." As Mr. Gladstone when questioned on this subject, just after he had handed the seals of office to Lord Salisbury, and was paltering and negotiating with the Irish party, wrote evasively to Sir George Prevost in answer to a request for his ideas on the subject: "On the question of Disestablishment my prayer is that I may never have to say a word. . . . Meantime it is not for us to build up more and more a Church of England which can laugh to scorn all her foes?"

It is pleasanter to turn to the letters he wrote to his children. It was quite in the spirit of Legh Richmond that he wrote to "My Beloved Willy" in 1847 when he was an Evangelical: "You are now a little more than seven years old, and are more able to think on what you are, and on what you do, than when you were a very little child. You must therefore try to render an account to God."

In 1853 he wrote to the same boy to express his regret that he did "not take the same pains with his Latin prose as with his verse." "Is the thought of God pleasant or irksome to you?" he inquires in 1853. In 1854 he warns him against too much newspaper reading. "To read much of such matter in early youth destroys the palate; as when eating a quantity of marmalade before dinner." The same year he writes urging on the boy the duty of being confirmed. The letter is a sort of homily or sermon, in which St. Paul and the Apostolic Fathers are quoted in the original. In other letters he gives admirable religious counsel, all unworldly and calculated to upbuild character. He was no Chesterfield in advising his boy.

All these letters present Gladstone as a man of many sides and gifts. But none are more interesting and affecting than those which he found time amid the preoccupations of Downing Street to address to his family circle at Hawarden Castle.

Leblanc, Maurice. *The Hollow Needle.* Further Adventures of Arsene Lupin. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 325. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.20.

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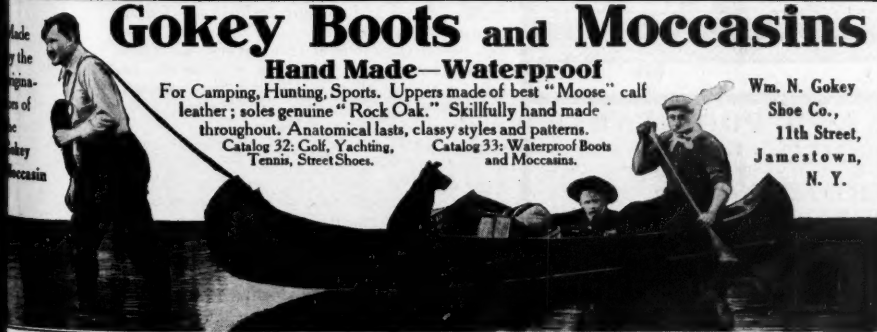
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Lorand, Arnold. Old Age Deferred. The Causes of Old Age and Its Postponement by Hygienic and Therapeutic Measures. 8vo, pp. 458. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co.

Lyman, Eugene William. Theology and Human Problems—A Comparative Study of Absolute Idealism and Pragmatism as Interpreters of Religion. The Nathaniel William Taylor Lectures for 1909-10 given before the Divinity School of Yale University. 12mo, pp. 232. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1 net.

MacCarthy, Francis H. Hygiene for Mother and Child. A Manual for Mothers and Nurses, including Hygiene for the Prospective Mother and Practical Directions for the Care and Feeding of Children. 12mo, pp. 295. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25 net.

Mathews, Shailer. A History of New Testament Times in Palestine. 175 n.c.-70 A.D. Map. 12mo, pp. 234. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1 net.

Monroe, Will S. Bohemia and the Czechs. 8vo, pp. 488. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$3.

Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia are somewhat out of the ordinary track of popular travel in Europe. The beauties and artistic monuments of these countries as revealed in this book, will surprise a great many readers. Mr. Monroe is already known as a writer of travels, and will add to his reputation by the present readable and comprehensive work. He describes the history, the population, the institutions, and geography of the region. His style is picturesque, his information copious. A great many excellent illustrations add to the value of the book, which has a carefully compiled index. It is the best handbook we know relative to the people of northwestern Austria. Binding, printing, and paper are very tasteful.

Montgomery, George R. The Unexplored Self—An Introduction to Christian Doctrine for Teachers and Students. 12mo, pp. 249. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Racowitza, Helene von. An Autobiography. Translated from the German by Cecil Mar. 8vo, pp. 421. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50.

The Princess von Racowitza, beauty, author, and aristocrat, has here attempted to give a frank account of her exciting and checkered career. She had in her veins bold, adventurous Viking blood, of which she boasts, and she was the playmate of Louis II. of Bavaria, and knew Paul Heyse in childhood. Her whole history is an account of her love affairs, from the day when she was taken to a private ball, at the age of twelve, until men fought duels for her smiles. She frankly begins with an account of her "first love," when she felt "love's madness," and boldly condemned "the relentless behavior" of her parents.

The great passion of her life, however, was Ferdinand Lassalle, the Socialist, and she was struck at their first meeting by his "tall figure and Cæsar-like head." "He came into my life like a stormwind that rushes over forests and plains and destroys all that is crumbling and effete."

Lassalle was a dead shot, and once said to her: "Whoever tries to rob me of you, I'll shoot straight in the heart, just as I always hit a bull's-eye in a target." But by the irony of fate Lassalle was shot in a duel with Yanko Racowitza, Helene's "Moorish page" and companion, whom the older lover had challenged from jealousy. The death of Lassalle by no means put a period to her love ventures.

An interesting account of the Princess' sojourn, literary work, and career as an actress in New York, and her association with the artists and authors of the German circle, follows.

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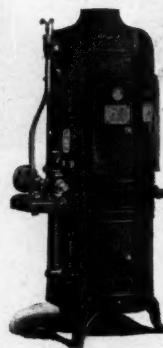
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Randall, James Ryder. The Poems of. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Matthew Page Andrews. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 221. New York: Tandy-Thomas Co.

Robinson, Humphrey. A Simple Explanation of Modern Banking Customs. 16mo, pp. 111. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Rogers, James Frederick. Life and Health. 12mo, pp. 202. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1 net.

Roosevelt, Theodore. African Game Trails. Cloth. Royal 8vo. Illustrated. Scribner's, 1910. \$4.

This much-heralded work will give satisfaction to every one who cares for the matter of which it treats, or rejoices in excellent diction, or admires fine book-making. The broad intelligence of its author, the alert mind and swift pen are felt from cover to cover. The writer was alive every minute. Everything interested him—the landscape, the wild natives, the settlers (so like those of our own West of his pioneer days), the actions of the animals, large and small, thronging about his path. This breadth and variety of observation lift the book far above a hunter's stories, and place it in the library of reference for Central Africa; yet to the narratives of sport with big game are given full space, more, indeed, than to any other single topic.

For Mr. Roosevelt, personally, the shooting was the prime interest of the trip; and the sportsman's joy in meeting the most formidable beasts of the world, and slaying them in fair fight, glows in every chapter. Some will think there is too much exultation over the fallen, too much attention to the thud of the bullet, to the last fatal struggle; but it must be remembered that these are records of incidents of an intense and critical character, when the hunter's life and perhaps that of his companions depended upon the cool, true aim, the remembering just where to put the bullet, the knowledge of what its effect will be. Hence details of rifle-power, etc., are not only liked by, but are of essential service to, the man who may next season duplicate for himself the perilous situations.

At any rate, whether we share Mr. Roosevelt's love for the hunt, or not, it is impossible not to be stirred by the pictures of adventures he paints with so virile a hand. His command of language is striking both in narrative and in description. Time and again he rises without apparent effort into an eloquence which it would be hard to find excelled in recent literature; let a single example suffice:

"In this desolate and lonely land the majesty of the storms imprint on the beholder a sense of awe and solemn exaltation. Tossing their crests, and riven by lightning, they gathered their wrath from every quarter of the heavens, and darkness was before and under them; then in the lull of a moment, they might break apart, while the sun turned the rain to silver and the rainbows were set in the sky; but always they gathered again,—for the promise of the bow was never kept, and even the clouds returned after the rain. Once as I rode facing Kenia the clouds tore asunder, to right and left, and the mountain towered between, while across its base was flung the radiant arch. But almost at once the many-colored glory was dimmed; for in splendor and terror the storm strode in front,

(Continued on page 656)

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(Continued from page 654)

and shrouded all things from sight in thunder-shattered sheets of rain."

Such special samples, or others in softer strain which might be quoted, are exceptional only in topic. The manner of the whole book is a model of strong English without the least looseness, affectation, or pedantry.

As the reader is constantly reminded, the expedition under Mr. Roosevelt's direction was a scientific one, and any reader capable of judging will see that in this respect it was eminently successful. Kermit Roosevelt, Dr. Mearns, Mr. Loring, and his other assistants, had their share of the fun, but that they were busy as naturalists is plain from chapter to chapter; while the Appendixes give annotated lists of their collections for the Smithsonian which are surprisingly long and include many novelties. To this part of the work must be credited a majority of the admirable illustrations—mostly from photographs by Kermit Roosevelt or by Edmund Heller—of living animals and birds. These are far in advance of any similar series of pictures. To this scientific end the sport was constantly made to contribute. Every animal became a "specimen" or else was used for food.

A very striking feature in this connection—and one illustrative of the breadth and depth of Mr. Roosevelt's knowledge as a field-naturalist, as well as of his tireless energy—is the long discourse written on his journey down the Nile in criticism of the Thayer theory of protective coloration lately advanced in an elaborate volume. The great body of naturalists will thoroughly approve of the destructive dissection of the matter given there, and will thank Mr. Roosevelt for the illuminative material from his own experience. It would have made a valuable book by itself.

The work abounds, too, in keen political and sociologic comment on the people and government of East Africa, and the relations between the new masters of the land and the savage aborigines, which is fruitful in instruction for colonial administration elsewhere. There is no question but that, outside the field of "pure literature" this is the most important, as well as most readable book of the year, and a permanent contribution to science.

Rosenfeld, Sydney. *Children of Destiny*—A Play in Four Acts. Paper, 12mo, pp. 126. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

Ross, Edward Alsworth. *Latter Day Sinners and Saints*. 16mo, pp. 68. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

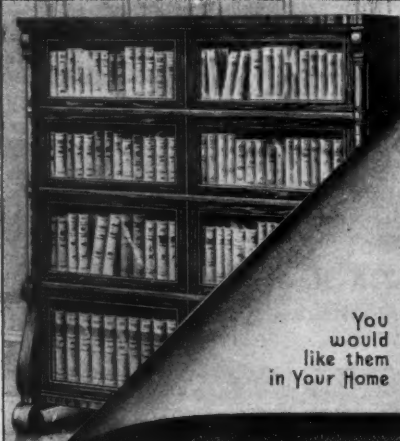
Rupp, F. A. *Letters of a Physician to His Daughters on the Great Black Plague*. 16mo, pp. 96. Philadelphia: Vir Publishing Co. 50 cents net.

Through the Year with Sousa. Excerpts from the Operas, Marches, Miscellaneous Compositions, Novels, Letters, Magazine Articles, Songs, Sayings, and Rimes of John Philip Sousa. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 209. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 net.

Van Wagenen, Anthony. *Government Ownership of Railways—Considered as the Next Great Step in American Progress*. 12mo, pp. 256. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.


Villard, Oswald Garrison. *John Brown*. 8vo, pp. 738. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.

The time is certainly ripe for a fresh, minute, and judicial biography of a man who dealt the first blow and drew the first blood in the struggle for the liberation of the Southern slaves. The lives of this earnest, pious, and quixotic enthusiast have hitherto represented him either as a malefactor or as a martyr for the right. Impartiality in his-



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tory never comes excepting with the lapse of time and after fifty years the real proportion of events may be calculated. It was Charles Eliot Norton who, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, wisely remarked that "there never was more need for a good life of any man than there is for one of John Brown." Twenty-six years later Mr. John T. Morse wrote in the same periodical, "So grand a subject can not fail to inspire a writer able to do justice to the theme; and when such a one draws Brown, he will produce one of the most attractive books in the language. But meantime the ill-starred 'martyr' suffers a prolongation of martyrdom, standing like another Saint Sebastian to be riddled with the odious arrows of fulsome panegyrists."

The present writer has produced a work which is intended to fill out the program of these two writers. His narration is utterly free from bias and presents a long array of letters and other documents which enable the reader to verify things for himself. Materials never yet utilized have been largely drawn upon. The Kansas life of John Brown is dwelt upon in considerable detail, and many controversies regarding mythical incidents in his earlier days are cleared up. Mr. Villard is a sympathetic biographer, who represents his hero as a moral enthusiast recklessly pressing his convictions to their extreme conclusions. His attempt to originate a Servile War in this country was a ludicrous error founded on fatal miscalculation. Of his execution Col. J. T. K. Preston, who was present, remarked:

"A single blow of the hatchet in the sheriff's hand, and the man of strong and bloody hand, of fierce passions, of iron will, of wonderful vicissitudes—the terrible partizan of Kansas—the capturer of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry—the would-be Catiline of the South—the demi-god of the Abolitionists—the man execrated and lauded—damned and prayed for . . . John Brown, was hanging between heaven and earth."

Of the proposal to make his sentence life imprisonment instead of death, the following anecdote was told by Mr. F. E. Spinner, of Worcester:

"I said to Thaddeus Stevens that it was a pity that Brown had not been sentenced to prison for life, instead of being made a martyr by hanging. Mr. Stevens had ardently longed for an opportunity to give the two eminent Virginian statesmen (Governor Wise and Senator Mason) a shot, and turned to me and said in a loud voice: 'No, sir, he ought to have been hung for attempting to capture Virginia with a dozen white men, five negroes, and an old cow. Why, sir, he ought to have taken at least thirty men to have conquered Virginia.'"

The idea that Brown should not have been hanged is supported in some quarters on the plea of insanity. Governor Wise believed personally in the sanity of the prisoner, and declared to the Virginia legislature:

"As well as I can know the state of mind of any one, I know that he was sane, and remarkably sane; if a hundred rational premises and consecutive reasoning from them, if cautious tact in avoiding disclosures and in covering conclusions and inferences, if memory and conception and practical common sense, and if composure and self-possession are evidence of a sound state of mind, he was more sane than his prompters and promoters."

Mr. Villard thinks Governor Wise was right, and bases his conclusion on "the extraordinary series of letters written by him



From his back to yours

Here's the fellow whose coat gives us the long soft silky fibre from which we make the Shackamaxon guaranteed fabrics.

Look at the beauty and variety of these fabrics—clear finished and undressed worsteds; staple and fancy serges in all weights; and rich, handsome chevots—2000 or more different and exclusive styles.

Be sure you see the Shackamaxons before ordering your next suit.

There's only one way to be sure of lasting satisfaction with your clothes.

Have them made from high-grade reliable fabrics; and made to fit *you*.

Good fabrics are the very life of good clothes.

No matter how your new suit looks *today* it will not *keep* its shape and style unless it is made from a pure fleece-wool fabric; woven

properly from perfect yarn; permanently dyed; and thoroughly shrunken.

Every one of these points is essential.

The Shackamaxon guaranteed fabrics are made from the wool of live fleeces—the choicest wool produced anywhere in the world. They are woven on slow looms from double yarn; dyed in the finest permanent colors; and shrunken by our improved cold-water process which is the *only thorough shrinking method known*.

If any suit made from a Shackamaxon fabric shrinks or fades, or if any other fault develops in the fabric—no matter how long you have worn it—we will pay for another suit.

In clothes properly made from these fabrics you are well dressed *as long as you wear them*.

Yet they cost you hardly any more than you would pay for ordinary ready-made clothes that have nothing like the style nor the wearing quality.

Why not have real economy and at the same time real satisfaction?

Write to us and we will tell you by return mail of a tailor near you who handles the Shackamaxon fabrics and will guarantee every suit he makes from them.

Ask for the new Shackamaxon booklet with its up-to-date chart of "Correct Dress for all Occasions." This is bound to interest you.

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(EGG SHELL FINISH)

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Quart " - \$1.35 "	Quart " - \$1.60 "

For sale by paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by prepaid express on receipt of price.

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(Brown) in jail, after his doom had been pronounced. No lunatic ever penned such high-minded, and such consistent epistles." Another evidence is the devotion of his followers, of which we read: "Dr. Starry, the gallant physician of Harper's Ferry, said, years after the raid, that such devotion as Brown's followers had for him, he, Dr. Starry, had never beheld before or since. They perfectly worshiped the ground the old fellow trod on." Mr. Villard adds: "The hard-headed, able Americans, like Stevens, Kagi, Cook, and Gill, who lived with John Brown, month in, month out, and were ready to die with him, worshiped no lunatic."

Much praise should be given to this admirable monograph; its thoroughness, scholarly completeness, and accuracy are admirable. Even the individual members of John Brown's little army find a place in the Appendix—a genuine "Classical Dictionary" of heroic men who stood their ground in the cause of liberty as Leonidas with his men at the Pass of Thermopylae. The illustrations and portraits are numerous. There is a bibliography of twenty pages and an excellent index. A just estimate of the hero of his work is given in conclusion by Mr. Villard:

"The story of John Brown will ever confront the spirit of despotism, when men are struggling to throw off the shackles of social or physical slavery. His own country, while admitting his mistakes without undue palliation or excuse, will forever acknowledge the divine that was in him by the side of what was human and faulty, blind and wrong. It will cherish the memory of the prisoner of Charlestown in 1859, as at once a sacred, a solemn, and an inspiring American heritage."

White, Andrew Dickson. Seven Great Statesmen. 8vo, pp. 552. New York: The Century Co. \$2.50 net.

Mr. White has chosen a wide stage for the marshaling of his figures in this interesting drama, of "the warfare of humanity with unreason." While omitting from his subject any out of the long list of American or English worthies, he has aimed at setting before us the heroes and statesmen of the European continent who did so much for the liberation of their own country in particular and the human race in general. He has chosen Sarpi, Grotius, Thomasius, Turgot, Stein, Cavour, and Bismarck as his subjects. His own diplomatic experience in France, Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, and Russia gave him ample opportunity of studying the ways of European statesmen, while affording him access to historic material of the most authentic character.

It is natural enough that he should begin his series with Paolo Sarpi, one of the two foremost Italian statesmen since the Middle Ages, the other being Cavour. Sarpi is said to have been the man who taught Europe "in what manner the Holy Spirit guides the councils of the Church." He was born at Venice, the scene of his greatest triumphs, in 1552 on the very day that St. Francis Xavier, the most illustrious Jesuit, died. While he was baptized Peter, he took the name of Paul—from Peter the peasant Jew, to Paul the demolisher of Judaism—a significant change. Learned in all the science of the day, and an able disputant, he never reached the highest ecclesiastical honors, for he held with Dante, that earthly governors had a God-given right parallel to that of the pope's spiritual authority. In Venice he became the leader of those who opposed papal encroachment. This brought the Republic in conflict with Paul V., and led to the ban-

PRIZE CONTEST

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO LOVE TO DRAW

This cartoon was drawn by "Zim," the world's most famous cartoonist of "Judge." Can you make a copy of it? Try and see how easy it can be done. Draw this cartoon NOW, with either pen and ink or pencil, making it twice the size shown, and send it to us today, stating your age, occupation and if you have ever won a prize in our Contests.

COPY ME AND WIN A PRIZE

Our Board of Art Directors will carefully examine your sketch and if it is 60 per cent. as good as the original you will receive as a prize "The Home Educator" for 3 months. If you do not hear from us in ten days, your drawing was rejected.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

"The Home Educator" is a very inspiring magazine for both men and women, it is fully illustrated by world-famous illustrators. There is positively no money consideration connected with this Prize Contest. Neither can you buy or subscribe for this magazine—it is awarded only to prize winners in our Contests. Copy this cartoon NOW and mail it to us this very day.

Correspondence Institute of America, Dept. 7 Scranton, Pa.



ishment of the Jesuits. Sarpi was an active agent in this ecclesiastical revolution, and when Sir Henry Wotton was an English ambassador at Venice, he wrote of the gentleness and kindness of the reformer, "He seemeth in countenance and in spirit liker to Philip Melancthon than to Luther." Indeed, he maintained friendly relations with most of the Protestant leaders in Europe. It may be said of him that he laid the foundations of that monarchy of united Italy which was established by Cavour backed by the bayonet of Garibaldi.

Hugo Grotius (the Latinized form of the name Huig de Groot) was born at Delft in Holland, 1583. A precocious child, a brilliant scholar, he was called early in manhood to enter the fierce controversial struggle between Arminianism and Predestination. But his mind was too large to lose itself in the petty mazes of theological disputes. In 1625 he published his great work—*De Jure Belli et Pacis*, and his ideas passed into the laws the treaties, the current discussions of his day. Among his most illustrious disciples was Pufendorf, who claims that the work of Grotius was "the grammar of international law." Mr. White eloquently and truly says, speaking of the Palace of International Justice at The Hague:

"The world has a right to think that this temple will be worthy of its high purpose; its dome a fitting outward and visible sign to all people that at last there is a solution of international questions other than by plunder and bloodshed; its corridors ennobled by the statues, busts, and medallions of those who have opened this path to peace; its walls pictured with the main events in this evolution of humanity. But among these memorials, one monument should stand supreme—the statue of Grotius."

This work of Dr. White in many ways

DAME NATURE HINTS

When the Food is Not Suited.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food. The old Dame is always faithful, and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried various kinds of breakfast food, but they were all soft, starchy messes which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating.

"A friend persuaded me to quit the old coffee and starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice. I began using them three months ago.

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way.

"Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms." "There's a reason."

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Each Bell station, no matter where located, is virtually the center of the system, readily connected with other stations, whether one or a thousand miles away.

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Your rooms may not be just like those shown in the Portfolio, but if you carry out these specifications you will get an effect equally good.

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shows the mind of a student tracing backward the paths that have led up to our modern advancement. Thus Christian Thomasius was born in 1555 into a world of intellectual pedantry, education dwarfed by the ignorance of bigoted ecclesiasticism. He opposed the brutalities of legal procedure, but his great work did not lie in this. To quote our author: "His effort against indictment for witchcraft, torture, religious persecution, and various cruelties and pederastries was triumphant long ago, but the struggle begun by him against sectarian control of education still continues, and nowhere more steadily than in the United States."

It has often been said that if Anne Robert Jacques Turgot, Baron d'Aulaine, had been allowed to have his own way as Comptroller-General of France, there would have been no French Revolution. Turgot was a philosopher and his discourses at the Sorbonne show marvelous historic insight, originality, and breadth of view. Mr. White well sums up the economic and political view of this practical statesman: "Turgot's prophetic gift showed him that what plan he offered was the best chance for France and the last chance for the monarchy; that promptness in decision and vigor in execution had become the only hope; that reforms, to prevent a wild outburst of revolution, must be made then or never."

Unfortunately they were not made till the guillotine had destroyed the monarchy and decimated the nobility and Napoleon sat down to compile his Code.

We wish we had space to dwell upon the work of Henry Frederick Charles, Baron von Stein, the German statesman of the Napoleonic wars; of Cavour, and of Bismarck. These names are familiar to our readers, but Mr. White has added a freshness to his interpretation of their characters which shows that he was thinking of the present in his interpretation of the past. There is something of the higher journalism permeating all these sketches. They give evidence of a mood which takes keen interest in the struggles of the distant or nearer past, while anxious of personal security in the present. His is the attitude taken by the philosopher of Lucretius who finds it sweet to watch from the shore the storm-tossed ships, not because it is agreeable to witness the sufferings of others, but because such a spectacle makes us more keenly alive to our own good fortune. From this point of view Mr. White's book is a genuine comment on present-day politics, and, apart from the personal interest roused by the procession of really great men which is led out before us, their work and experience teach us to feel more deeply the privileges we enjoy in the present era.

Wilcox, Delos F. Great Cities in America—Their Problems and Their Government. 12mo, pp. 426. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Wright, Horace J. Sweet Peas. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 116. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Land of Ice and Mutton.—They have some curious ideas about us in Dear Old England. A lady who was about to leave London for New Zealand a little while ago was strongly advised to provide herself with very warm clothing before sailing. "Why?" she asked. "Oh, it's awfully cold out there, don't you know," the other British matron said. "It's the place where all the frozen mutton comes from!"—New Zealand Free Lance.

CURRENT POETRY

A METAPHOR is a live wire that brings an electric interest to a poem. A figure of speech seems somehow to tap the infinite. The poem "October," taken from *The Smart Set*, is trope pure and simple, and thus it carries a potential reserve behind all that is made actual in expression and the words are given a life and meaning that they do not retain in their removal to dictionaries.

October

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

On the altar of the world
All the hopes of Spring are furled,
All of Autumn's gifts are spread
Where the Summer rests her head.
Earth-warm passions, fresh-lipped Youth,
Wraiths of Love and ghosts of Truth,
Broken dreams and visions lost—
All of these are heaped and tossed
On the sacrificial pile
Where in majesty the while
Summer sleeps in solemn state,
Sleeps upon a bed ornate
Strewn with bows of pine and larch. . . .
Nature then applies the torch. . . .

II

First a spark—then leaps among
Oak and beech a tiny tongue,
Darts of gold and tips of yellow
Touch the branches of the willow,
And the growing color spreads
Into fierce and flaming reds,
Kindling bush and brake and briar
With the surging sacred fire.
Maple clusters all aglow,
Slim white birches in a row,
Trembling in the woodland ways,
Burst into a golden blaze.
Even slender grass and fern
Droop and wither as they burn,
While the clean green earth is lost
In this holy holocaust.
Now the awakened winds and free
Swing the brands from tree to tree,
And the fire spreads until
Every mountain side and hill,
Every vale and garden close
In the wildest radiance glows—
Till the flames that leap unfurled
Sweep and inundate the world
And the martyred Summer lies
Burning with her sacrifice.

A common-sense talk to men, by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in metrical prose, in *The American*.

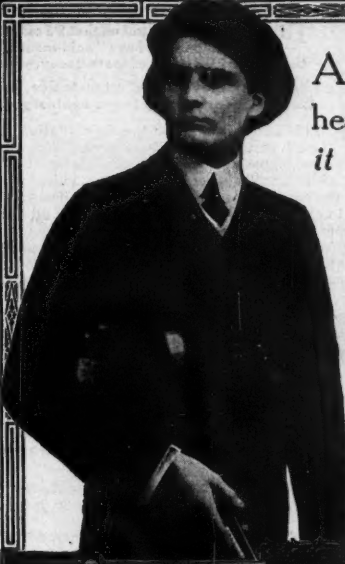
II

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies.
Or being hated don't give way to hating.
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise :

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master ;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim.
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss :



America's Greatest Violinist heard the Apollo and thought it was some great artist

In Syracuse, N. Y., Francis Macmillen, the world-renowned violinist, visited a large musical establishment. As he entered the "Apollo Room" a gentleman seated at one of the instruments was interpreting the Schumann Nocturne. Turning to his companion, Mr. Macmillen said: "What a wonderful touch that man has!" He thought the performer was some great artist. Coming closer he discovered the instrument was the Apollo. He was still more surprised to learn that the performer was not a musician, having become discouraged in his youth, after taking a few piano lessons. The great violinist added that it was the only player he had ever heard with a true human-like touch.



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Joseph Hofmann

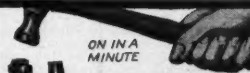
Why should you, knowingly, do a thing backwards, or the wrong way?
Did you ever see anyone play a piano by any other method than touching down on the piano keys?
Do you know that we own the patents on the natural way of playing the piano with an interior player—with the downward touch on the keys? You could not expect our competitors to make this point clear.
Would you like to read the patents that give us this right? The patents that cover the reason why musicians remark that the Apollo does not sound "mechanical."
If you have the slightest idea that you will ever be in the market for a player piano it will pay you in dollars and satisfaction to investigate the Apollo. Your name and address will bring a catalog and absolute proof that the Apollo is the one instrument of its kind that can play in the natural way. The real facts and information about player pianos that we will trade for a penny postal are well worth having. Write now.



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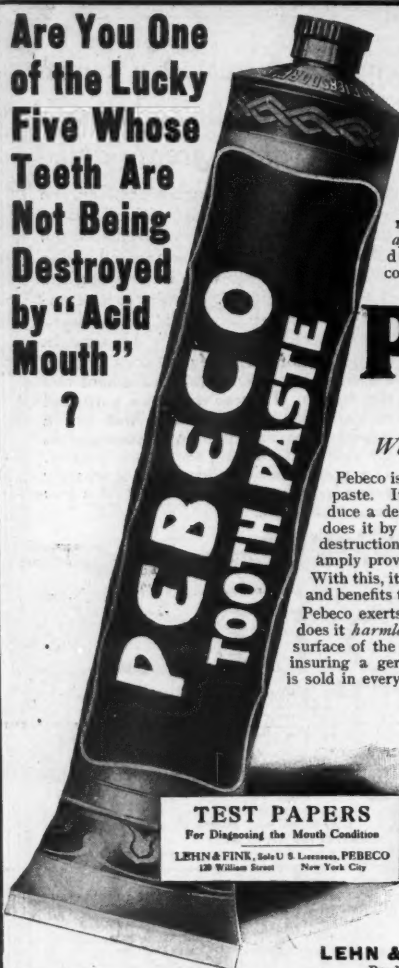
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Teeth Are
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You may be one of the fortunate five, but the chances are twenty to one against you.

This acid—formed by the fermentation of food particles—disintegrates the tooth enamel, exposing the dentine (interior structure) to the attack of decay bacteria, and, unless professional aid is resorted to, results in inevitable tooth-destruction. This condition is all the more serious, because it gives no warning until after the harm is done. As urged by leading dentists everywhere, it may be speedily overcome by the use of

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We invite you to try it at our expense.

Pebeco is more than merely a finely scented saponaceous paste. It is the result of professional research to produce a dentifrice that really *does* preserve teeth; and it does it by getting at and *rooting out* the cause of tooth-destruction—abnormal acidity. Seventeen years' use amply proves this.

With this, it heals and strengthens "spongy," bleeding gums, and benefits the mucous lining of the entire oral cavity.

Pebeco exerts a special function of whitening the teeth (and does it *harmlessly*); it polishes without destroying the natural surface of the enamel; it is highly antiseptic and deodorant, insuring a germ-free mouth and a sweet, healthy breath. It is sold in every civilized country on the globe.

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Pebeco Tooth Paste originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Sold everywhere in large 50c. tubes. You will find it the most refreshing, most effective dentifrice you ever used, and very economical as only a small quantity is used at a time.

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Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

It seems as tho one might learn the trick
by which Le Gallienne turns commonplace
incidents into poetry—but one can't. "The
Shining Path," from *Harper's*.

The Shining Path

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I crossed the orchard, walking home,
The rising moon was at my back,
The apples and the moonlight fell
Together on the gleaming track.

Then, speeding through the evening dews,
A dozen lighted windows glide—
The east-bound flyer for New York,
Soft as a magic-lantern slide.

New York! On through the sleeping flowers,
Through echoing midnight on to noon:
How strange that yonder is New York,
And here such silence and the moon!

In the literary world of shreds and patches
and tattered ends, we bow to the mind that
brings to us a new theme bodied forth in
strong verse. We are glad to reprint "The
House of Broken Swords" from a copy of
Scribner's that is now some months old.

The House of Broken Swords

By WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

On one side marshes met the snarling sea,
And on the other three gaunt mountain peaks
Shot up 'mid screaming eagles; and between,
Beetling above an inky tarn, upclomb
That hostelry.

Cloud-high it loomed, and dark
As Amazonian forests. Far o'erhead
Its shadowy roof, sometimes but spindrift dim,
Sometimes was heaven, with lucent twilight skies
Besprent with stars; and round each echoing hall
In carven ambrys quaint, old storied arms
Blazoned the walls. There on Goliath's blade
Goliath's blood still rusted; there sea-born
Excalibur flaunted his wizard hilt,
And Soldan's yataghan and Richard's brand
Hung with the baton that in Caesar's grasp
Dispeopled nations.

But the loftiest nave
In that strange house was hung with broken swords
Whereof the chiefest three had shields beneath
Scrolled each with shining names. One shield was
his

Who long time humbled Rome, and one, blood-red,
Recalled the Corsican; and last a shield,
Now wet with old men's tears, proclaimed the chief
Whose ramparts linger 'mid Virginian pines
Untenanted the place, to casual eyes,
And silent; but anon began afar
Onset of armed feet, and thunders rolled
(Thunders or battle), and a hand unseen
Lifted a veil, and Lo! a marching host
Swept through the aisles, while on amazed ears
Sea-like uprose the Prayer of Beaten Men.

"We are the fallen, who, with helpless faces
Low in the dust, in stiffening ruin lay,
Felt the hoofs beat, and heard the rattling traces
As o'er us drove the chariots of the fray.

"We are the fallen, who by ramparts gory,
Awaiting death, heard the far shouts begin,
And with our last glance glimpsed the victor's glory
For which we died, but dying might not win.

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flat lever Springs
found only on Shur-ons

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How to réduce your nose pores



Complexions otherwise flawless, are often ruined by the conspicuous nose pores. The blood supply of the nose is comparatively poor, does not keep the pores open as they should be. They clog up, collect dirt and become enlarged. Begin tonight to use this treatment.

Wring a wash cloth from very hot water, lather with Woodbury's Facial Soap and hold it to your nose. Do this several times. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in a good lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub it in. Then rinse thoroughly in cold water.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores and acts as a stimulant. As new skin forms, this treatment with Woodbury's gradually reduces the enlarged pores. The skin on your nose becomes as refined in texture as your cheeks.

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For sale by dealers everywhere

"We were but men. Always our eyes were holden,
We could not read the dark that walled us round,
Nor deem our futile plans with thine enfolden—
We fought, not knowing God was on the ground.

"Give us our own; and tho in realms eternal
The potsherd and the pot, belike, are one,
Make our old world to know that with supernal
Powers we were matched, and by the stars o'er-
thrown.

"Aye, grant our ears to hear the foolish praising
Of men—old voices of our lost home-land,
Or else, the gateways of this dim world raising,
Give us our swords again, and hold thy hand."

Thus prayed they, and no spoken answer fell;
But whoso watched, saw the dark roof again
Flash into sudden heaven aglow with stars
That alimed their rays, straight as God's glances, on
Those shields alone beneath the broken swords.

Three stanzas of four verses each, alternately rimed, seem to be a favorite form in which to tie up a little packet of polite sorrow and present it to the world. We select "In Absence" from the September *Century*.

In Absence

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

I know that others wait like me,
But, oh, their eyes. They strike me blind.
'Tis when they're kindest that I see,
Now she's away, how hers were kind.

The word each heart with good intent
Speaks from the sorrow that it knows
Remind me that the sweetest scent
Comes with the wind that strews the rose.

And every clasp they reach to still
The ache, and show they understand,
But proves the whole world can not fill
This hand that's empty of her hand.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer presents us, in *Harper's*, with a little edition de luxe of nature.

A Garden in the Fern

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Make thyself lowly for this garden laid
In the clear stillness of the beech-tree shade.
Make thyself lowly; lie amid the fern;
Forget the size of men and tree trunks; learn,
With eyes attuned to daintier scale, to see
What the green garths of fairy-land may be.

Hollowed atop is this gray stone. Its bed
Is moss, and the enwailing fronds are spread
A space apart that so, untouched, may rise
The white wood-sorrel's delicate surprize
From the deep emerald floor. Come close and know
How triple leaflets on each thin stalk grow,
Drooping together at the touch of night.
How the snowflakes of flowers, so exquisite
They shame the wild rose as too large and bold,
Are crimson-threaded and are eyed with gold.

Dark trefoil and white blossom—see, they press,
A tremulous company of loveliness,
Trusting frail feet to nook and crevice, up
The lichen stone to find and wreath its cup,
Its moss-lined cup that soft and diligent wings
Of winds have sown with seeds of tiny things.

There are no words minute and sweet enough
To tell how flourishes upon its rough
Rock-base this garden plot. Here too are ferns
But miniature; e'en the wood-sorrel turns
Downward to them its golden glance. Inch-tall
And scarcely more the grasses grow, and all
Their bonny neighbors of the broader leaf—
Minim parterres where one small scarlet sheaf
Of strawberries seems statured like a tree,
And gauzy flies as birds for bigness be.

Why seek far grandeur? Wash thy lids with dew
Of the accustomed morning, line thy shoe
With fern-seed from the well-known woodland path,
And go—invisibly to him who hath
Proud eyes for the remote and large—where stand,
Frequent, unfenced, the garths of fairy-land.

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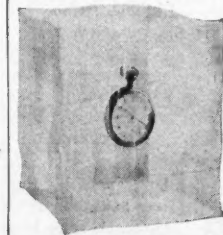
The regulation and adjustments then often consume six months more.

Every watch gets 250 inspections or more before it satisfies us.

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A common watch, like a "mail order watch," isn't capable of the fine "personal adjustment" that a "South Bend" Watch gets from the expert jeweler who sells it and while the owner is wearing it.



The South Bend Watch Co.

(39)

Dept. I
South Bend, Ind.



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A WATCH has a tendency to run faster lying flat than when held upright. Jolting, quick movements, etc., affect it.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE MAKING OF SIMON NEWCOMB

A YEAR after the death of Simon Newcomb, comes his sister to tell us that America's foremost astronomer owed all his greatness to a successful experiment in eugenics and to his father's faith in phrenology. John Newcomb, we are told, was a Nova Scotian youth of inquisitive, skeptical mind. Studying and thinking much by himself he became enthusiastic over the then new science of phrenology which taught him to fit "the virtues and failings of his neighbors to their noses and eyes, their chins and their foreheads," and to utilize the long and dreary sermon in studying the cranial contours of the worshipers. At the age of twenty-four this youth of analytic mind, writes his daughter, Dr. Sara Newcomb Merrick, in this month's *McClure's*, stood before his mirror and thus soliloquized:

I am twenty-four years old, and it is time I began to look for a wife. Combe and Gall both say that twenty-five is the best age for marriage. I must marry a young woman whose temperament shall be unlike mine, and unlike in such a way as shall make us harmonious, one being the complement of the other. The difference in temperament is shown by the difference in physical form. I am a little above the medium height, five feet nine, so she may be of medium height. I am inclined to be slender, with sloping shoulders—she should be rather square in the shoulders and stocky of build. My muscles are long and slim, and my hands slender, with slim fingers; therefore she should present the opposite.

Face and head: I have rather a large mouth, a square chin and jaw, a face inclined to be long—she must have a rather round face with plump cheeks. My nose is long, with bony portions prominent, somewhat like the Roman nose, but broader and with full nostrils—she must have a rather short nose, even with a little uptilt, and lacking in bony development.

My eyes are deep-set—hers must be full and prominent. My eyebrows are straight—hers must be arching. The hair grows low over my forehead—her forehead must be high. My forehead projects over my eyes, and slopes back somewhat, making what is termed the philosophical head—hers must be full and round in the upper portion, making the literary and history-loving head. My head is inclined to be narrow between the ears and high in the crown—hers must be broad between the ears and highest over the ears, from which point there should be a smooth slope to the back of the head. My back head is full, showing strong love for children and great affection—hers should be somewhat less. Because my hair is dark and strong of growth, rather coarse, in fact, hers should be fine and, if possible, curling or easily curled. In color my face is inclined to be florid—hers must be more delicate, while still showing the hue of health. The color of my eyes is gray-blue; but—I'm not so sure here. I think color of eyes and hair is not of so much consequence. Mentally I am slow of thought and speech—my wife must be quick and ready with an answer.

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Style
Number
23



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She should now be about nineteen years old. Where is the young woman?

Such a woman and I would be congenial, harmonious, and therefore happy. Our children would be an improvement upon ourselves, more harmoniously formed in both body and mind. They would have good physique and strong constitutions that would carry them through the vicissitudes of life to the hundredth milestone as the years go. Now, where is the young woman? I must look around for her. Another thing, tho: she should be a good housekeeper, neat and thrifty. I will do my best to furnish the means for the housekeeping, but I am not constituted for a farmer; I must be a teacher. I have taught several winters already, and I think I can always make a living at the work.

As we can readily believe, none of the nearby maidens satisfied these requirements, to which John Newcomb, of course, added love of learning. So one fine morning in August, "when his twenty-fifth year was but a month old; this new Coelebs set forth in search of a wife. A bundle made up from his limited wardrobe and his precious library was fastened to the end of a stick, and the youth left home, merely saying that he was going to seek a school for the coming winter.

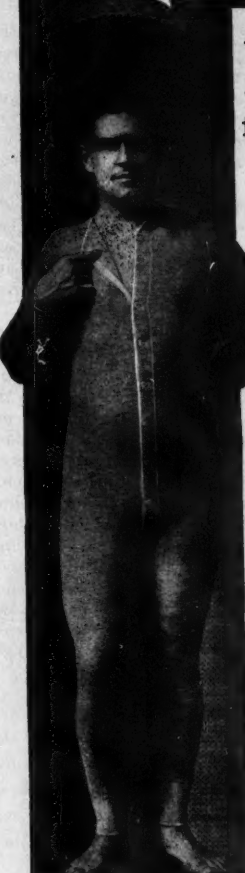
John Newcomb stopt at farm-houses for his refreshment, and in each house, if there was a daughter of marriageable age, he tarried perhaps a day, or even longer, to make a study of the maiden. He always made himself "handy" about the place, drawing up water with the great well-sweep, bringing in fire-wood—doing anything that he could do and still keep near the daughter.

Disappointment met him at every door. At one house the cooking was poor; at another the house was not neatly kept; at a third there was scolding or fault-finding, a want of harmony—and in all the maidens a lack of desire for learning or education. One young woman little knew by what a narrow margin she missed her fate. All was going smoothly till, when she was molding the dough for the baking-pans, he noticed that a considerable portion of the dough was left in the wooden kneading-trough. He asked her the reason for this, and her reply was that she left it for the horse because he was fond of it. She always did this, she said; there was plenty. "Want of thrift," decided the young man, and he shouldered his bundle and walked on.

Still undiscouraged, he continued his journey until, one evening, he entered the village of Moncton, New Brunswick.

The first building to greet him was not a dwelling, as he knew from its form. Yet it was lighted, and the melody of a familiar hymn greeted his ear. He had happened upon a prayer-meeting in the Baptist meeting-house.

He stept in unobtrusively and took a seat near the door. His attention was at once attracted to a young woman in the upper part of the room who presided at the melodeon. He saw that she was easily the leader among the half-dozen persons forming the choir, altho she was younger than most of them. They deferred to her and followed her lead as they sang the psalms and hymns



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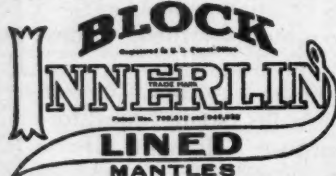


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of the time. Her capable hands fingered the keys of the instrument with firm and assured touch.

At last, he had found her! He began to analyze her carefully.

She was of medium height and rather square build. The face was a perfect oval, with broad, high forehead, round and full in the upper portion. The brows were arching, and shaded large, soft eyes that looked black in the dim light. There was plenty of breadth between these eyes to assure broad views and sound judgment. The head was highest at the center and rounded smoothly to the back. The hair was a golden brown and fell in soft curls over her shoulders. The skin was white and delicate, but her cheek glowed with the rosy hue of perfect health.

In less than ten minutes the young man declared to himself, "There's my wife!"

No need to wait and see how she could keep house, or whether she fed dough to the horse; his whole bearing and personal appearance were sufficiently convincing. Added to all the rest, he knew, from the expression of the face and the contour of the chin and mouth, that here was his temperamental complement. Mischief could flash from those soft, big eyes, quick wit flow from the lips. She could be playful, but withal so dignified that no one could think her light or flippant.

After the services were concluded, Mr. Newcomb inquired of one of the young men who this girl was. "She is the eldest daughter of Squire Prince," was the reply.

So John Newcomb remained in Moncton, set up his school, and wooed and won the lady despite the obduracy of the Squire. When the engagement was at last announced and the time of the wedding set for a year thence, the young man soliloquized once more:

"Now, I have found my congenial mate by the rules laid down by the phrenologist, and I am going to put to test the theories of heredity put forth by the physiologist Combe. My first-born shall be an astronomer."

With this laudable end in view, he taught astronomy in his school . . . Newcomb talked astronomy with anybody who would listen to him. He gathered the people of the village together and lectured to them on astronomy and engaged them in discussions on the earth's movements. He ate, drank, talked, walked, slept, dreamed in terms of astronomy. He was steeped in astronomy.

Naturally, he also interested his bride-to-be in the same subject. During the winter there was much visiting of neighbors in the long evenings. Sometimes the distance between houses was a mile or more. The sleigh was not always brought into requisition, for the young couple enjoyed walking over the crisp snow, studying the stars as they went. The young man would discourse upon the wonders of the heavenly bodies and their immense distances from us and from each other; he called the constellations by name and rehearsed their mythological origin, and the young woman at his side became as enthusiastic as himself. As the winter constellations sparkled about them in all their dazzling glory, their minds were filled with awe, reverence, sublimity, grandeur, and



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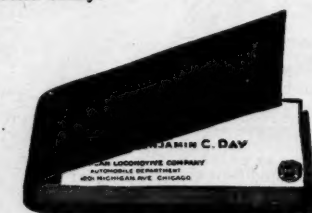
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aspiration. The music of the spheres sang itself in their ears, and their hearts responded.

The woman for whom he was so strangely led to search was as richly endowed as himself, but with different qualities; she was in full accord with all his views, and they lived in the harmony that always accompanies congenial temperaments. Physically and mentally they were the complement of each other. These two temperaments were merged most harmoniously in the first child that resulted from their union.

The other children, of whom there were six, were indeed of more harmonious temperaments than either of their parents; but there was not conferred upon them the power of intense concentration which was inherited by the first. In this one there would seem to have been brought to a focus all the energy that had been accumulating perhaps for generations, but especially for all the years of his parents' lives.

The result justified John Newcomb's decision. At six and a half his eldest son had mastered cube root and had practically completed the school curriculum; at twenty-six he had a European reputation; when he died in 1909 he "was by common acclaim the greatest astronomer that this country has ever produced, and the equal of any astronomer in the world."

HAMILTON AND THE LAW OF GRAVITY

THERE have been few passengers in airplane accidents to report their sensations for us and professional aviators generally are reticent about their experiences. One of the latter, however, has described some of his adventures in the *New York World*. Mr. Charles K. Hamilton began the habit early in life by jumping off a fifty-foot trestle when he was fourteen years old. Since that time he has gained in experience and in the past six years his falls total a little over two miles through the air. Broken limbs and hours of unconsciousness are merely incidents of the game. A few of his falls have been sufficiently unusual to merit attention. At an exhibition at Paterson, N. J., with his dirigible, Mr. Hamilton had risen nearly 5,000 feet, and was preparing to come down slowly. Says he:

I had just begun to descend and had dropt 600 feet gradually when, without warning, the gas-bag burst and the machine began to fall. The instant I heard the explosion I knew what had happened and I thought everything was over. I knew that a fall from that height would dash me to pieces, and I also knew there was nothing I could do to save myself. My whole life flashed through my brain. I thought of everything I had and hadn't done. The mere sensation of falling wasn't particularly unpleasant. I had fallen so many times that I was used to it. If I had known that I wouldn't be dashed to death, the fall would have been little more than a thrilling experience. However, I knew that I should be killed, and the quick

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and you will get a chain that costs little or no more than the gold filled or plated kind; yet, in service and satisfaction, is the practical equivalent of solid gold.

The reason is a Simmons chain has a thick shell of solid gold—two to three times as thick as the ordinary gold filled or plated chains. By the time this thick shell has worn through, a solid gold chain will have worn thin to the breaking point.

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At the same time you can take advantage of the changing styles, without extra expense.

Ask your jeweler to show you Simmons chains today. Let us send you our booklet of late ideas to help you make your selections.

Your jeweler can give you what you want. If he hasn't it in stock, he will order it.

Send coupon below
R. F. SIMMONS CO.
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Out this out, sign and mail to

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Attleboro, Mass.

for free booklet of helpful suggestions for selecting chains and fobs.
My Jeweler's Name

Street Address

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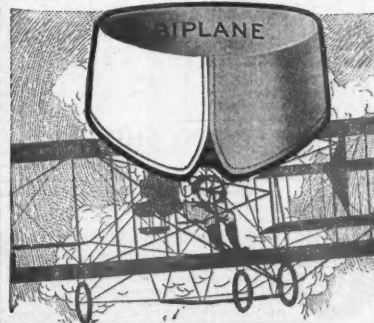
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SANITARY GOODS

Jaeger Sanitary Underwear combines the maximum of porosity with the maximum of protection. It is also curative as well as preventive. Leading Physicians strongly recommend it, appreciating its value as a means to good health.

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New York: 806 Fifth Ave., 23 Maiden Lane
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Only in

Biplane 2 1/4 in.
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2
for
25¢

Silver
BRAND
Collars

1/4
Size

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3 for 50¢

LINOCORD
Buttonholes
are easy-to-button
and unbutton, and
they don't tear out.
Our styles can
be copied but not
our Buttonholes.

The Biplane (illustrated above) has upper front closed, with proper space for the correct fall scarf.

Write for our booklet "AVIATION," and "What's What"—the encyclopedia of correct dress.

GEO. P. IDE & CO.
567 River St., Troy, N. Y.
IDE Shirts—\$1.50 and upward.

Our readers are asked to mention THE LITERARY DIGEST when writing to advertisers.

I have proved that the best salesman in the cigar business is the cigar itself.

I am sending out thousands of such salesmen every day, and here is how they succeed: Nine out of every ten boxes of Shivers' Panatelas that leave my factory go to men who have smoked them before.

Now think. These men don't know me; they have no interest in my business. If they could get anything like the same cigar, at anything like the same price, at their corner cigar store, don't you suppose they would do it?

They can't. You can't; there is a reason why you can't. That reason may be given in two words—selling expense.

Then let's take a broad view of this problem of smoking economy and come together on a trial box of my Panatelas—in every way as good as your ten cent cigar, but sold to you at the wholesale price, \$5 per hundred.

Shivers' Panatelas have a long, clean, pure Havana filler, grown in Cuba, and nothing else—no shorts, no cuttings, no doctoring. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra, grown in Sumatra. They are strictly hand made by skilled workmen in a clean factory.

You get them under this unconditional offer:

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to any reader of The Literary Digest, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them. If he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

When ordering, please enclose business card or give reference, and state whether you prefer light, medium or dark cigars.


I have a new cigar at \$5.00 per hundred—my Shivers' Club Special, four and a quarter inches long and about half as thick again as the Panatela and nicely shaped. It is for smokers who desire a richer cigar than the thin shapes give. It is hand made of clear Havana filler and genuine Sumatra wrapper of the finest quality, and sold on my terms—smoke ten and return the remainder if you don't like them.

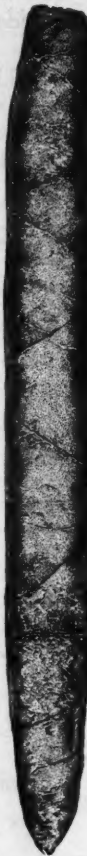
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LEMAIRE
OPERA GLASSES

LEMAIRE
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BEST IN THE WORLD
Used in the Army and Navy



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE
AND SHAPE

review of my whole life was terrifying. I don't know how many seconds I was falling. It might have been fifteen; it might have been twenty, or even more. It seemed an eternity.

Down, down, down, I went. The rush of the air was so great I couldn't breathe. Suddenly when the city loomed up directly below me and I thought every second I should be smashed into a thousand pieces the gas-bag of the balloon spread out like a parachute. It was only an accident that it did so. It had been cracking and flapping above me, making a terrific racket, and how or why it spread out two hundred feet above the ground instead of six hundred feet or ten feet—when it would have been too late—no one will ever know. It did spread out, however, and that saved my life. My fall was not stopt, but the parachute made by the gas-bag broke it to such an extent that when I crashed upon the roof of a hotel I was simply knocked unconscious. Part of the engine went through the roof, but within five minutes after it struck I was able to get up and walk away. Not a bone was broken, but the shaking up I got was so terrific that I had to spend the next three weeks in a hospital. Of course I was covered with bruises, but I wasn't really badly hurt. Several falls that I have had from gliders had far more disastrous consequences. The balloon was far more seriously injured than I.

Since he has taken to aeroplanes Mr. Hamilton has had few serious falls. "Really," he says, "flying is much more exciting than falling. Besides, it isn't half as dangerous," tho as far as the fall is concerned he finds the sensation "not unpleasant." The landing is not so enjoyable, judging from two of his accidents.

I had one very serious fall from a glider at Ormond Beach on January 14, 1906. My glider struck the flagpole on the bath-house in front of the hotel and I was hurled to the board-walk sixty feet below. I struck the walk on my chest and with such force I broke one of the planks. If I had landed on my head I would have been killed instantly; but as it was I got off with nothing more serious than a couple of broken ribs and a few dislocations. I was laid up in the hospital for three months, but that was due more to the shaking up I got than to anything else. While I was learning to fly at Hammondsport I had three falls which bruised me up a bit. One was of at least sixty feet, and I broke my right kneecap. It soon healed, but occasionally it gives me a little bother. The other falls were of about fifty feet each. They shook me and bruised me, but didn't break any bones.

The most serious fall that I have experienced since taking up the flying game took place at Seattle, where I was giving an exhibition flight last April. I was flying over Lake Washington, at least 225 feet above its surface and perhaps 300 feet—for I was away above the tops of the trees, and Oregon pines are nearly 200 feet high—when one of the wires that controls one of the planes jumped its pulley. It caused me to lose my balance and the machine turned over three times and fell into the lake. Instinctively I doubled up to take the water, but as we struck the water my head struck a heavy pole on the machine and I was knocked unconscious. I was rescued almost immediately, but it was three hours before I regained consciousness.

It won't leak

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FOUNTAIN PEN

BUY ONE—HERES WHY.

MOORE'S eliminates all Fountain Pen troubles. Gives satisfactory service day in and day out. Simple construction with few parts leaves nothing to get out of order.

Ask any one of the thousands of satisfied users of Moore's Fountain Pens what they think of them.

Here's one man's story:

Albert Lee, Minn.
"My appreciation for the Moore's Pen is best shown by the fact that I always have two in my pocket, and they give the best service of any pen I ever owned."

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Will make a stove of your round-wick lamp, gas jet or mantle burner. Requires no more gas or oil than for light; does not lessen volume of light; simply utilizes waste heat. Heat and light at one cost. Will heat or dry room comfortably in zero weather. No ashes, no trouble, clean and odorless; mixes and purifies the air. Just the thing for sick-room, bath, bedroom; heating water, making tea or coffee, etc. Send for booklet and testimonials.

On Lamp Price Complete. Carriage prepaid.
Polished Brass \$1.50 Nickel Plated \$2.00
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded if returned in 10 days.
THE GIANT HEATER CO., 1464 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

A Written Handshake. A letter is like a handshake to the one who receives it—weak and lifeless or vibrating personality.

Old Hampshire Bond

It's as necessary in a business as the right typewriter and a good stenographer.

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

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The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.



THE AMATEUR DINER

NOISY men who monopolize the conversation are decidedly out of place at the social board; indeed, they seem much like a large humming-top among chessmen, knocking over king, queen, bishop, pawn, indiscriminately and indifferently," declares the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in *The Guardian* (London). Among men thus constitutionally incapacitated for taking part in society, this writer mentions Bishop MacDougall, of Labnau, who came to England shortly after scandalizing the religious world "by his letter to *The Times*, recounting a brush with sea-pirates, and relating how well his revolver had accounted for a good many of them."

As much out of place as the too persistent and too vociferous talker, continues the well-known English clergyman, is the town parson who has just been transferred to a country living, who "does not know a cabbage from a cauliflower, and thinks to keep a sheep so that he may have kidneys for his breakfast every morning." To quote further:

When I gave my first tithe dinner to the farmers in my parish I could take no part in the conversation—it turned on the most convenient spots where to fall on returning from market. One had made his acquaintance with a ditch, another had tested a patch of turf, a third had been projected into a quickset hedge, a fourth had made experience of a bed of nettles. My only contribution to the debate was a caution against a heap of stones on which my pony had thrown me when a boy as it plunged from an elephant of a traveling menagerie. After that I kept a pig, studied its ways, and talked pig at my next tithe dinner. Out of place are those Londoners, clubmen, who chance to find themselves dining with fox-hunting squires in the country. They may be capital conversationalists, have a store of anecdotes—but anecdotes, like birds, need twigs on which to alight, and this society provides none suitable. The conversation rolls upon horses, dogs, runs; and the Londoner knows no more of sport than what he has gathered from Leech's pictures in *Punch*. A country gentleman dining in town with a party of political notables is equally out of place. All he knows of politics is gathered from the newspapers—a day old—and those at table speak from intimate knowledge, and that which is recent, are behind the scenes, or suppose themselves to be so. He departs feeling that he has been essentially—*de trop*.

A farmer from the West Country, with influence in securing votes in his division, was urged by the sitting member to dine with him should he come to town. In an evil hour Farmer Giles accepted the invitation when chance brought him to London. A number of distinguished guests were present. The conversation at table moved briskly up and down, but it was in vain that the farmer sought for an opening where he might thrust in a remark, and for a chance to play his part in the general conversation. All that was discusst was beyond his range—politics, art, the drama, social gossip. At length, after a dinner at which he had felt himself quite out of place, he said to his hostess before departing: "My lady, I have an old sow at home that has recently farrowed thirteen

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Does All These And Much More

Shown in this advertisement is an actual photograph of ten actual forms done on a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine, actually and successfully used by ten actual flourishing firms.

All of these forms were made in but a small fraction of the time that would have been consumed doing them by hand.

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The Business Help of the Century

For statements, inventories, trial balance and balance sheets, C. O. D. statements, cost-keeping reports, daily cash sales—everything connected with figures in every department in every business, large or small, common or unusual—the Burroughs is a time and money-saver—an interest-paying investment.

Won't you at least investigate these claims? Leading Commercial Schools recognize the indispensability of the Burroughs by making its use an important part in business training.

Write us on your business letterhead for one of these books, Free:

"A Better Day's Work"—192-page book for every business man.

"Why Don't You Go Home?"—48-page book especially for retailers.

"Cost Keeping Short Cuts"—180 pages. For every business keeping track of its costs.

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One, two or three colors; hand or electric operation; visible printing; low flexible keyboard; typewriter carriage.

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Hand or electric operation; prints in one or two colors, 6 to 17 columns, greatest variety of forms.

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Our Certificates are desirable investments for surplus funds as they are secured by First Mortgages on improved real estate, are free from taxation, and yield 6% per annum. Write for booklet "F."

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For Health, Strength and Endurance Read *Living and Muscle Culture*, the most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of

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Test it with a Hammer

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FLOOR VARNISH

Hammer—heel—mar—waterproof. Prove it yourself. Send for Free Sample Panel finished with "61." Test it. Sold everywhere. Floor booklet free.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

65 Broadway St. Established 61 Years
Buffalo, N. Y. Factories in Seven Cities



Do You Eat Dates?

Dates are among the choicest products of Nature's garden—the staple food of sturdy races for a thousand generations.

They possess an ideal food value, being in fact Nature's wise provision for the healthful maintenance of primitive man, ages before science sought to know the essential elements of human food. To insure the free use of the most appropriate foods, Nature kindly made dates also most delightful, rich, and tempting.

Of all the dates grown in the world, none are so rich and delicious as

Dromedary Golden Dates

They are grown along the Euphrates River—a district of rare fertility, known to tradition as the Garden of Eden, and certainly one of the earliest of inhabited lands known to history.

These dates are carefully selected and packed under the supervision of our own staff in the city of Bussorah. Wrapped in oiled paper and sold in airtight, germ-proof, pasteboard cartons, Dromedary Golden Dates do not dry and get hard, but always retain their natural moisture and palatability.

For breakfast, luncheon or dinner, dates can be served in such a variety of delightful ways you will soon come to look upon them as a staple delicacy of your table.

Special Size Sample Box Mailed for 10 Cents to cover expenses.

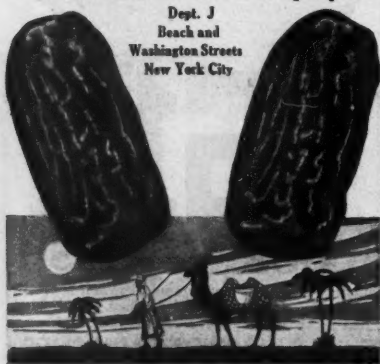
Or, better still, order a package from your grocer or fruit dealer—if he keeps good things he will have Dromedary Golden Dates. He will also have Royal Excelsior Cleaned Currants, Gilt Edge Shredded Coconut, Camel Brand Figs—some of the other products we sell.

PRIZE RECIPE CONTEST—Closing November 15th

One hundred \$2 prizes for the best recipes using any or all of the four products above, to be published in our cook book. Write for further information. Prizes will be awarded Dec. 1st.

The Hills Brothers Company

Dept. J
Beach and
Washington Streets
New York City



little piglings, and"—here I paraphrase his homely description—"Nature had provided for twelve only, so that the little thirteenth wriggled this way, that way, seeking its proper nutriment, but unable to find accommodation, whereas the twelve enjoyed themselves heartily. I feel, my lady, that I have been in the situation of the thirteenth pigling this evening. But I thank you for your hospitality all the same. I wish you a very good evening."

FAME'S GOLDEN LINING

THE jocose definition of penury as the product of the pen seems amply refuted in the case of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has not only won fortune and fame at the pen's point, but has overthrown another fable about the struggling young writer by never having had a manuscript rejected. In *The American Magazine* we read:

Mrs. Burnett laughingly relates how, when she sent her first manuscripts to a magazine publisher at the tender age of twelve, she slipped a bit of paper into the envelope bearing the stern young warning: "My object is remuneration!"

The manuscript was accepted (nothing that Mrs. Burnett has ever written has not been accepted! Mark this, thou poor struggling scribbler!), and if her object at twelve was remuneration, she certainly has achieved it all along the line, in recognition among the elect, in popularity among the masses, as well as in good gold coin.

In the seventies her first great novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," placed her in the front rank among novelists; "Esmeralda," first played in 1880, won her immediate success as a playwright; and her dramatization alone of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in 1886, netted her no less than \$150,000—a fortune in itself—the greater part of which was spent in the heart-breaking battle with the last illness of her eldest son, Lionel.

Her dramatization of "The Dawn of a To-morrow," which has already run for two seasons and bids fair to run as many more, brought her in royalties of between one and two thousand dollars a week.

The royalties on the first three months' sale of the American edition alone of "The Shuttle" were \$38,000. Without counting its sale serially, she has already received more than \$50,000 from "The Shuttle," before dramatizing it, which she intends to do.

The splendid place which Mrs. Burnett has lately acquired on Long Island was bought solely with the proceeds from "The Shuttle"—a beautiful bit of land sloping by terraces and stairways to the shore of Manhasset Bay, on which she has built a large stucco house in the Italian style of architecture.

Looking for Another One.—At a meeting of a State Medical Society, the secretary read a letter from the consul of one of our far-away possessions urging the need of a resident physician in his district. In the moment of silence that followed the reading, a young man in the hall arose and said modestly: "I wish you would put me down for that place, sir. It sounds good to me. My practise here died last night."—*Success*.

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Registered,
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is made from the best cocoa beans, scientifically blended.

Absolutely pure, healthful, and delicious.

Get the genuine with our trade-mark on the package

52 Highest Awards in Europe and America

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Holstein Cows' Milk Is Best for Baby

A leading doctor says that 80 per cent. of all infant troubles are due to inability to assimilate food, and that "infant mortality could be reduced 50 per cent. if all infants were fed intelligently on sanitary, pure bred Holstein Cows' Milk."

Now if your baby is having digestive troubles, or if you want to be sure that it will steadily thrive, try Holstein Cows' Milk, either modified or unmodified, as your doctor thinks best. Since this milk is very similar to the milk of the human mother in composition, baby can readily digest and assimilate it, and at the same time obtain from it the great vitality of the large, healthy, vigorous Holstein cows.

Since Holstein Cows' Milk costs no more than any other milk, you can afford to try it even if it does seem to you a very simple way to keep your baby robust.

Nursing mothers, who consume the milk every day, rapidly gain in strength and thus greatly increase baby's vitality. Also the purest and most nutritious milk for invalids, convalescents and very old people.

If your milkman cannot supply you with this milk, send us his name and address as well as your own, and we will help you to get it in your own town.

Send for our valuable, free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk."



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4 L. American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

DO YOU LIKE GOOD TEA?



Here is a new kind of offer:

WE will send prepaid, on request, a half-pound package of **MARQUISE TEA**, sealed and wrapped in metal foil that protects the delicate leaves from all changes. Try the tea for a week. If you like it, send us 45cts. If you are not delighted with the tea and do not find it better than any you ever bought at \$1.00 a pound, you need not pay for it. Write us that you accept this offer, and the tea will be immediately shipped.

MARQUISE is an exquisite blend of choice India and Ceylon leaves. Such tea as this can be bought in very few localities in the U. S. at any price. It is the sort you have tasted with delight in Montreal or London and wished you could get at home.

WRITE AT ONCE. You risk nothing on our trial offer, if you don't like **MARQUISE TEA**. But you *will* like it, and you will learn something new of how delicious tea can be, and how economical **MARQUISE TEA** is.

WILLIAM WELCH STANLEY CO., Ltd.
145 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

CHOICEST OCEAN FISH For Your Own Table



FAMILIES who are fond of **OCEAN FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER**, getting better and later caught fish than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY** to the **CONSUMER DIRECT**, never through grocers or markets. We have done a mail order fish business since 1885 sending goods right to our customers' homes by **PREPAID EXPRESS**; always guaranteeing complete satisfaction or money refunded. We want to deal with **YOU** on the same terms no matter how small your requirements.

Our **SALT MACKEREL** are fat, tender, juicy fish, finer than you have ever enjoyed for your winter breakfast.

SALT CODFISH as we prepare it is an appetizing, delicious fish. You will like it.

Our **CANNED FISH** being steam cooked is absolutely fresh and natural and includes the best of everything packed here or abroad.

FRESH LOBSTERS, in parchment-lined cans go through no process except boiling. Packed solid in whole pieces as soon as taken from the water they retain their crispness and natural flavor.

CRAEMEAT, SHRIMPS, CLAMS, SALMON, TUNNY, SARDINES and dozens of other dainty and substantial products should always be in your storeroom for the preparation at a moment's notice of scores of appetizing, healthful dishes.

Send for our descriptive price list today and you can be enjoying these dishes on your table within a week.

FRANK E. DAVIS FISH COMPANY
79 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Modern Mary

Mary had a little skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Canny.—The wise man moves next door to a family whose income is less than his.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Strong Character.—**CLIENT.**—"I don't mind what wages I pay so long as she is capable."
REGISTRAR.—"I can assure you, madam, she's capable of anything."—*London Opinion.*

Prevention of Cruelty to Children.—"Gee!" says the first little boy. "I hate to go home. My mamma always wants to give me a bath every evening."

"So does mine," says the second little boy, "but I don't mind it. My papa is a doctor, and she always gets him to chloroform me, so I never know a thing about it until it is all over."—*Canada Monthly.*

The Thinkless Life.—"What on earth do you think about while you're fishing?"

"Wal, when the fishin's good I don't git time to think, an', when it's bad, thinkin' don't help it any."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

The Primrose Path to Ruin.—"Prosperity has ruined many a man," remarked the moralizer. "Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd want prosperity to do it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Laziest Man.—During the Civil War a captain of a company which had sixty men in its ranks, none of whom were as energetic as the officer thought they should be, hit upon a plan which he believed would cure their habits of laziness. One morning after roll-call the captain, addressing his command, said: "I have a nice, easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front? Instantly fifty-nine men each took a step forward. "Why didn't you step to the front?" inquired the commander of the one man who did not come. "I was too lazy," replied the soldier. —*Philadelphia League.*

An Easier Way.—"It must be expensive to get up these moving pictures of warfare." "Yes, actors and costumes cost a lot." "Wouldn't it be cheaper to finance a South American revolution?"—*Washington Herald.*

The Only One Lacking.—"Why are you so sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"

"Because," replied the discouraged fat man, "if there was I'd have it."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Dreadful Possibility.—"Your wife is gone to the dressmaker's to try on a new dress." "I am glad of that, I feared she had gone to pay for the last one."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*



The kind with
the natural flavor of
the tomato—keeps after
it is opened.

MADE from luscious, red-ripe tomatoes—the pick of the crop—washed most carefully, cooked lightly to retain the natural flavor, combined with purest spices—in kitchens of spotless cleanliness. Contains only those ingredients

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by the
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Every one of our products is, and always has been

Pure and Unadulterated

The Food Law has made necessary no change in either our formulas or labels. Not only our ketchup, but all our products—soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meats, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.—are the acknowledged standard of purity and delicious flavor.

**Insist upon goods
bearing our name**

Visitors are always welcome to every part of our
kitchens and factory

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Write today for our free
booklet

"ORIGINAL MENUS,"
telling what to have for
breakfast,
luncheon
or dinner.



"It's the Finest Fish I Ever Saw"

That is what everyone says of our

NABOB BRAND

of Absolutely Boneless Georges

CODFISH

Food with
the Ocean
Taste



From
Ocean to
Consumer

The fish from which this is made are caught by hand-lines on Georges Bank, where the best and thickest codfish are found. It is the finest selection of the catch, cut into thick, white, flaky pieces, all bones removed and the fish is carefully packed in an improved hinge-cover box lined with waxed paper.

You cannot get fish with flavor or quality like this anywhere except from us.

A trial 4-lb. box, \$1.00 (or a 5-lb. box for \$1.20), delivered anywhere in the United States where express companies make residential deliveries.

Send for free book of recipes and price list of Mackerel, Halibut, Lobster, Sardines and all sorts of salt-water foods of the highest quality.

By dealing with us, you insure freshness and high quality such as you can secure in no other way. We send "From Ocean to Consumer" and absolutely guarantee satisfaction.

CONSUMERS FISH COMPANY, 67 Commercial St., Gloucester, Mass.

Remoh Gems



Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing and fire like a diamond has no paste, foil or artificial backing. 1/20th the cost of diamonds. Set only in solid gold mountings. A marvelously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. It is free.

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Time Will Tell.—The father of four boys, discovering the eldest, aged thirteen, smoking a cigaret, called the four together for a lecture on the evils of narcotics.

"Now, Willie," he said, in conclusion, to his youngest, "are you going to use tobacco when you get to be a man?"

"I don't know," replied the six-year-old, soberly, "I'm trying hard to quit."—*Success*.

When the Hobble's on the Help.—**MISTRESS**—"What does this mean, Jane? You know you should be back at 10 o'clock."

JANE—"Very sorry, mum. It's the fault of these new skirts. I had to take such short steps that it took longer than I expected to get home."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Put Yourself in His Place."—"Joseph, I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself."

"Well, mother," replied Joe, "I look at it in a different way. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the same class with a big boy like me."—*The Delineator*.

One Life at a Time.—**FIRST GOSSIP**—"Well, good-bye, dearie. Be you happy and virtuous."

SECOND GOSSIP—"Get along with 'ee, me dear; I'll see 'ee long afore that."—*Punch*.

Wait a Bit.—**GUEST**—"Look here: how long am I going to have to wait for that half portion of duck I ordered?"

WAITER—"Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck."—*Toledo Blade*.

Expense Note.—An exchange says that matches are cheaper than gas. This can not mean the kind that are made under the parlor gas.—*Boston Herald*.

No Hero.—"I saw the captain show cowardice once."

"When was that?"

"You know how bald he is?"

"Yes."

"Well, in the last engagement when the enemy's aviator began to drop his bombs I saw the captain put on his cap."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

By One Who Knew.—**BLOBS**—"Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected."

SLOBS—"What is he doing now?"

BLOBS—"Writing essays on the decline of the drama."—*Philadelphia Record*.

When He Was Slow.—"Smith is the swiftest proposition I ever saw."

"Is he? Did he ever owe you any money?"—*Toledo Blade*.

Literal Interpretation.—"I'm glad they're going to take the pork barrel out of Congress," said Mrs. Bliggins, who had just returned from the ladies' class in current events.

"Indeed?" said her husband.

"Yes; members of Congress may not be able to economize on their lunches so easily, and they'll give more thought to the cost of living."—*Washington Star*.

Not Incriminating Himself.—"Now, professor, you have heard my daughter sing, tell me what I ought to do with her?"
 "Sir, if I told you what you ought to do with her the law would hold me as an accessory."—*Houston Post.*

All For Love.—HE—"I want you to give me a proof of your love, dearest."

SHE—"Oh, Ernest! Am I not dancing with you?"

HE—"That's nothing."

SHE—"You wouldn't say that, dear, if you knew how badly you dance!"—*New Zealand Free Lance.*

The Second Fiddle.—TODGERS—"Ah, Count, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Saton."

COUNT—"It ees a great pleasure for me to meet a musician like you, monsieur. I hear zat you and your family play ze music."

SATON—"Me?—why, I don't know anything about music!"

COUNT—"Non? Zey tell me all round zat you play second fiddle to your wife?"—*M. A. P.*

Where Nature Fails.—LITTLE CARL (in the forest)—"Father, I can hear the cuckoo, but I can not see any clock."—*Jugend.*

Goats.—COUNTRY BOARDERS—"Don't you see, pretty maid, how we are all following you?"

P. M.—"Oh, yes, when I come home from the pasture the goats do the same."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

September 30.—It is announced there have been 92,429 deaths from cholera in Russia in the course of the present epidemic.

October 1.—Henri Wynnmalin, at Mourmelon, France, ascends to a record height of 9,186 feet in an aeroplane.

October 2.—The new Chinese Imperial Senate is opened by the Regent.

It is reported that Wu Ting Fang, former Chinese ambassador to the United States, has asked the government of China to abolish the queue.

All the powder-manufacturing companies of Canada, with one exception, have formed a merger under the title of British-Canadian Explosives, Ltd., controlled by the Nobel Corporation, which owns the Du Pont Works at Wilmington, Del.

October 3.—Booker T. Washington is the guest of King Frederic of Denmark.

October 4.—The German Emperor bestows the order of the Red Eagle on Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University.

Maurice Tabuteau makes an aeroplane flight across the Pyrenees from Spain into France.

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October 5.—Leaders of the Republican party in Portugal depose King Manuel and proclaim a republic in Lisbon, with Theophile Braga as provisional President.

October 6.—It is reported that the shipbuilders' strike at Berlin has ended in a victory for the strikers.

The lockout of 130,000 cotton-mill operatives in England is declared at an end.

The King of Portugal, the Queen Mother, and the Queen Dowager Maria Pia arrive at Gibraltar on the royal yacht. Dispatches from Lisbon say that city is quiet and the Republican provisional government is in control.

Domestic

September 30.—Winslow Homer, the painter, dies at Scarborough, Me.

John A. Dix is nominated for Governor by the New York State Democratic Convention at Rochester.

October 1.—Nineteen persons are killed in a fire following an explosion which wrecked the plant of the Los Angeles Times.

N. B. Broward, former Governor of Florida, and successful candidate for United States Senator in the recent primaries, dies at his home in Jacksonville.

Four persons are killed and between 20 and 30 are seriously injured at the Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island; the race is won in record time by Harry F. Grant in an Alco car.

President Taft speaks in New York at the dinner of the National League of Republican Clubs.

October 2.—United States Treasurer McClung reports that the total amount of money in the United States is estimated at \$3,419,319,483, and that last year the Government took in from ordinary sources \$675,711,715, the largest sum in its history.

The International Prison Congress opens its session in Washington.

Fifteen of the crew of the battleship *New Hampshire* are drowned by the sinking of a cutter in the Hudson River.

October 3.—Mayor Gaynor of New York, after an absence of nearly two months, returns to his office.

October 4.—President Taft accepts the resignation of William H. Moody as an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The Interstate Commerce Commission suspends transcontinental freight rate advances until February 6.

E. P. Prentice succeeds Timothy L. Woodruff as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York.

In a trolley-car collision near Staunton, Ill., 37 persons are killed and several injured.

October 5.—Rev. Marion Leroy Burton is installed as president of Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Archbishop Farley consecrates St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, in the presence of three cardinals, 75 bishops and archbishops, and over 1,000 priests.

The general triennial convention of the Episcopal Church in America is opened in Cincinnati.

October 6.—Charles E. Hughes resigns as Governor of New York to take his place on the United States Supreme Court bench.

The Massachusetts Republican State Convention renominates Governor Eben S. Draper.

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention nominates Frederic W. Mansfield for Governor.

Colonel Roosevelt starts on an eight-day-speaking tour of the South and Indiana.

RECENT CENSUS RETURNS

	POPULATION.		Per cent Increase.
	1910.	1900.	
Birmingham, Ala....	132,685	38,415	245.4
Butte, Mont.	39,165	30,470	28.5
Chattanooga, Tenn.	44,604	30,154	47.9
Delaware	202,322	184,735	9.5
Harrisburg, Pa.	64,186	50,167	27.9
Jacksonville, Fla.	57,699	28,429	103.0
Kansas City, Kan.	82,331	51,418	60.1
Lincoln, Neb.	43,973	40,169	9.5
Medford, Mass.	23,150	18,244	3.7
Melrose, Mass.	15,715	12,962	4.7
Missouri.	3,293,335	3,106,665	6.0
New Mexico.	327,396	195,310	67.6
Newport, Ky.	30,309	28,301	7.1
Pasadena, Cal.	30,291	9,117	232.2
St. Joseph, Mo.	77,403	102,979	-24.8
San José, Cal.	28,946	21,500	34.6
Shawnee City, Mo.	12,474	10,955	7.2
Topeka, Kan.	43,684	33,608	30.0
Woburn, Mass.	15,308	14,254	13.5
Worcester, Mass.	145,986	118,421	23.3

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnall Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

"W. H. W." Washington, D. C.—"Kindly advise whether the italicized words in the following sentences are used correctly: (1) 'The cause is still *depending* in the Circuit Court.' (2) 'It follows, therefore, that common carriers in such Territories, *even altho* not engaged in interstate commerce, are by the act made liable. . . . (3) 'A pronoun is a word used *in stead* of a noun.'"

(1) The word "depending" was formerly used in the sense of "pending," or "awaiting settlement," as in the sentence submitted, and this usage was recognized by the literary authorities of the early nineteenth century. The STANDARD DICTIONARY designates the term as archaic, hence the word "pending" would conform more to present-day usage.

(2) On page 60, col. 3, the STANDARD DICTIONARY gives "even tho" as one of the meanings of the term *altho*. As the word "even" is thus included in the definition of the term itself, it would be tautological to use the expression "even altho."

(3) In regard to the use of the word "stead" as a noun in this particular construction, the following statement appears in Murray's New English Dictionary (Oxford): "The two words *in stead*, meaning 'in place,' were rarely written as one word before 1620, but seldom separately after 1640, except when separated by a possessive pronoun or possessive case, as *in my stead*, *in Duke William's stead*; . . . formerly also *in the stead of*, which is still used dialectally." Modern usage favors the combined form *instead*, as used in the capacity of an adverb.

"M. A. R." Baltimore, Md.—"The following wording appears in a bill of sale: 'For furnishing and delivering the articles listed below in accordance with accepted proposal . . . Is the word 'delivering' necessary in the sentence in order to make clear the fact that there is to be no extra charge for delivering the goods at the warehouse?'"

The specific sense of "the transportation of a purchase to a place designated by the purchaser," as expressed by the word *delivering*, is not contained in the meaning of the word *furnishing*, and it is therefore necessary to employ both words if this idea is to be definitely set forth.

"B. S." Western Springs, Ill.—"Could a sentence which has for its subject a noun clause be considered a simple sentence, for the reason that the clause is not dependent?"

According to Bullions' "English Grammar," this may be termed a simple sentence, and the following statements are made concerning this construction: "The simple sentence may be enlarged. 1. By an adjunct word, or phrase, in any or all of its parts; . . . 2. By the substitution of a clause for its subject, object, or attribute; as, 'That men should lie is base.' . . . When a clause connected by *that* can be regarded either as the subject or object of the verb in the leading clause, it is in construction equivalent to a substantive, and the whole may be regarded as a simple sentence, tho in form really complex." The point is a debatable one, however, and many grammarians adhere to the rule that a simple sentence is one that contains but one subject and one predicate, thus excluding from this class all sentences containing clauses.

Unanswerable.—The wit of a newly appointed officer on General Sherman's staff once saved him from a severe arraignment. The general liked young men; but not when they were "fresh." One night he happened to overhear a boyish officer say to a group of friends:

"Sherman? Mighty good fellow. He and I had lunch together. I am rather fond of old Sherman, you know."

The general joined the gathering amid profound silence.

Turning to the lieutenant he said sternly: "I think, sir, you might have said 'General' Sherman."

"Why, sir," answered the youngster with happy presence of mind, "did you ever hear of General Achilles or General Julius Caesar?"

—Interior.

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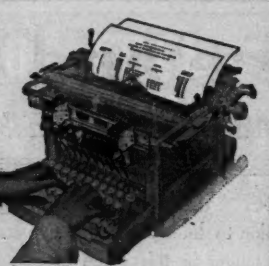
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RAIN AND PLANTS IN DESERTS

THE CONVENTIONAL idea of a desert is sharply challenged by N. H. Darton, of the United States Geological Survey, in an article on "The Southwest," contributed to *The National Geographical Magazine* (Washington, August). Mr. Darton says that the definition of a desert given by the dictionaries, "a dry sandy region without vegetation or inhabitants," is defective, and the idea that it is necessarily flat is erroneous. Most portions of the average desert, he reminds us, bear an extensive, tho somewhat widely spaced, flora, and many desert regions contain numerous settlements, the Sahara Desert, for instance, having a population of 2,500,000. Moreover:

"Loose sand is a minor feature, and much more prevalent on the seacoasts and along the bottom lands of rivers. There are wide areas of bare rocks, and the larger deserts include mountains, ridges, mesas, and deep cañons.

"The deserts of the Southwest are regions of very scanty rainfall, parts of them having only three inches a year and evaporation of eighty inches or more. Most of the rain descends in very heavy local storms which give rise to short-lived torrents, sometimes of great volume.

"I have witnessed such storms, in some cases far in the distance, and as a result seen a dry wash suddenly fill with a stream 20 feet deep, advancing in successive high waves. The flow would last a few hours, rapidly subside, and perhaps the wash would not be a watercourse again for several years.

"The several large rivers that flow across deserts of the Southwest accumulate their waters from melting snows and heavy rainfall in distant high mountains.

"The temperatures in the deserts of the Southwest rise high in midsummer, often attaining 125° in the lower lands of Death Valley and the lower Colorado Valley.

"The desert vegetation is always a source of interest to the traveler, especially the varied and conspicuous cactus flora. The Saguaro (*Cereus giganteum*) of central and southern Arizona is one of the most notable forms. It lives in areas where the precipitation is only three or four inches a year, but is restricted to the warmer districts. It has wonderful capacity for rapid absorption of a large amount of moisture, whether from a heavy downpour or a slight dampening.

"The biznaga (*Echinocactus emori*), also known as water-melon or barrel cactus, is an associate of the Saguaro, and I can add my testimony to its usefulness as a most important water-bearer. By cutting off its top and beating up the pulp with a stick one can secure a draft of watery juice of fair flavor which will effectively quench the desert thirst.

"I once spent the month of November in the deserts of southwestern California investigating artesian waters for the Santa Fé Railroad, and the experience was one of the most delightful of my life. The climatic conditions were perfect, and the region was full of novel features of geology, flora, physiography, and scenery which kept me greatly interested throughout the trip.

"One must live awhile in the desert to realize its many charms. The brilliant sunsets are especially impressive, and the glowing twilights followed by marvelous effects of light and shade at nightfall pile great velvety shadows along the slopes of the mountains."

WANTED: A GERMLESS OYSTER

Under present conditions, says a writer in *The Hospital* (London, September 17), the only oyster-eater who is safe from an attack of fever is he who happens to have been immunized by a previous attack. He goes on:

"It is ridiculous to allow the public to eat oysters produced under such conditions in an age when no one would dream of drinking unboiled water collected from a badly constructed well. A fortune awaits the man who succeeds in constructing oyster-beds guaranteed free from infection, and in order to be able to do this the dirty soft water which the oyster needs for fattening purposes must be freed from typhoid and cholera germs. It may, by the help of ultraviolet rays or of ozone, be found possible to effect this at small cost, or even, may be, by the employment of better water or of that which has been exposed to sunlight for several days. Once done, it would be a simple matter to guard against carelessness on the part of middlemen."

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Something to Wake Him Up.—"I would gladly marry the new doctor, father, if he hadn't the half-closed eyes of a pig."
 "Oh, that will be all right, little girl. I warrant you will open his eyes soon enough."
 —*Fliegende Blaetter*.

More Appropriate.—LADY (to maid)—"I find in your drawer the handkerchief I lost last year. What do you know about that?"

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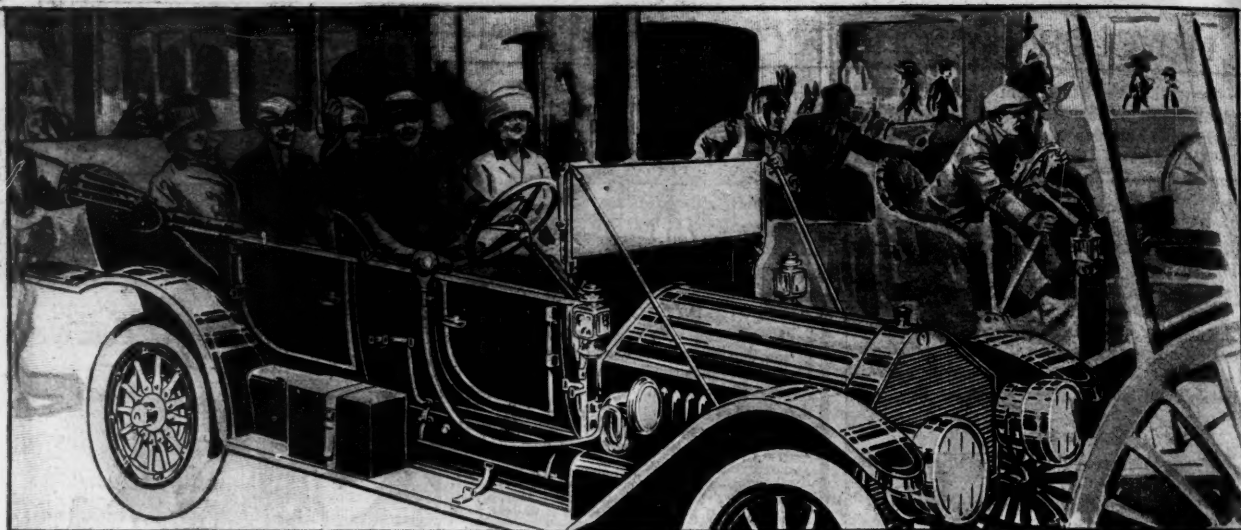
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